The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Mrs. de la Pasture has been away on tour with Miss Maxine Elliott, rehearsing her new play "Deborah of Tod's," which was produced successfully in Boston, and, on January 24, in New York. She is returning to England this month.

An extremely interesting letter from Stanley to his uncle, Thomas Morris, has been discovered since the appearance of his Autobiography (Sampson Low & Co.) last autumn. It is dated June 2, 1858, and begins, "Dear Uncle,—My Aunt and I have waited with much anxiety expecting every day to receive an answer from you. Is there a chance or no for me to have that place now having past the month of May? Dear Uncle, I hope sincerely that I have not displeased you in anything, as my Aunt thinks I have done. Dear Uncle, also I hope that you have not taken it unkind of me in plaguing, it's a hard case on me, and would be harder still if I could not procure a situation. Dearest Uncle, I sue to you for kindness. I have nowhere to go unless I can procure a place." The whole letter bears pathetic witness to his consuming anxiety to get work, and fully confirms what he has said in his Autobiography on the hardships of his youthful days.

Mr. Arthur Ransome is working on a Life of Poe, for publication in the autumn. He is following this next spring with a new biography of Hazlitt.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing next week the first novel of an author who writes under the pen-name of John Brandane. He is a Scotsman, and has a medical practice in England. The period of the story, "My Lady of Aros," is about 1760, and the scene is laid in the island of Aros, off the Western Islands of Scotland; the plot turning on the adventures of a man who is suspected of being a Hanoverian spy at the time of the attempt to revive the claims of the Pretender. Messrs. Pitman do not publish many novels; they prefer to issue only one or two in the year, and are particular as to the quality of these; therefore one is be-

Photo by G. West & Son, Southsea.

Mr. Hesketh Prichard.

ginning to regard their imprint on a novel as an indication that it is above the average, and at least two of their latest, "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," fully justifies us in doing so.

Mr. Hesketh Prichard is writing a book on big-game shooting which Mr. Heinemann will publish. It includes chapters on a trip to Labrador, three to Newfoundland, one after elk in Norway, and half a dozen Canadian expeditions, as well as chapters on South American sport. His latest Don Q. story, which was published recently by Messrs. Greening, has been translated and issued serially in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, and France. The book was founded on a play which was written for Mr. Fred Terry, both play and book being written by Mr. Prichard in collaboration with his mother.

In consequence of the General Election, Messrs. John Ouseley have postponed the publication of the first number of *Ouseley's Magazine* until February 15.

Mr. S. Bradbury has written and published at sixpence net an admirable little biography of "Bertram Dobell: Bookseller and Man of Letters." Mr. Dobell is one of the most literary of our publishers; to him belongs, as his biographer says, the honour of establishing Thomson's (B.V.'s) true place amongst the poets of the last century; and in collecting and editing the "Sidelights on Charles Lamb," and discovering and publishing Traherne's prose and poetry, he has rendered real and very considerable services to literature. A few years ago he published a volume of his own poems, "Rosemary and Pansies," and he has just followed it with a second volume, "A Century of Sonnets." Mr. Bradbury's brief record of his early struggles, his relinquished ambitions, and the successes of his later years is very sympathetically written, and of great interest. He had to work at laborious and uncongenial tasks, and was nearly thirty before he was able, with his scanty savings, to open a stationer's and newsagent's shop in Kentish Town, and was nearly fifty before he could partially devote himself to literary pursuits. Now-a-days, as Mr. Bradbury remarks, Mr. Dobell's book-shop in Charing Cross Road is by way of being one of London's literary landmarks.

"Mary Gaunt" (Mrs. Miller) writes very bitterly of the fate of her new novel, "The Uncounted Cost," which was recently published by Mr. Werner Laurie. "I wrote a pot-boiler, a mystery story, for a big Chicago paper, and they paid me well," she says, "and I thereupon set off for Africa and the material for the novel which I fondly hoped was to bring me fame and fortune. I have worked very hard indeed at 'The Uncounted Cost.' I had to collect a great deal of expert knowledge from naval officers and West African officials, and the actual writing of the novel took me thirteen months of hard labour. I flattered myself my ideals were high, that I had worked out and told a story of patriotism, industry, and sacrifice for others. I do not say my characters were spotless; had they been so they would not have been true to life; but

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Whose new novel, "A Winter's Comedy," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

in the end I think the very best is shown, and the very best is glorified—honesty, truth, love, and all that men and women hold most dear. I will stake my honour there is not a suggestive word in the whole book, nothing that might not be read aloud in a mixed company. But the *Times* has decided that the book is 'unsuitable' and has refused an advertisement of it; the libraries have dubbed it doubtful, and will only supply it when it is specially asked for. I feel that they are making my seventeen months' work, including four months spent on the worst coast in the world, of no account. My means of livelihood are thus taken away from me, and it is cold comfort to reflect that on the same principle 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'Adam Bede' would be banned, for Hawthorne and George Eliot are dead, and no longer need bread-and-butter."

By birth, Mary Gaunt is an Australian. She is a slow worker, writing and rewriting her stories many times before printing them; and though she once wrote a novel in a fortnight and received fifty pounds for it, this was written when necessity was jogging her elbow; it was sold for serial use only, and she has no thought of making a book of it. She came to London nearly nine years ago, knowing nobody, and with twenty-six pounds a year "between me," as she puts it, "and a hard world." Before she was dependent on her work she easily made pocket-money by it; but now that it was her source of income, her stories sold very slowly. Most of them did not sell at all, and she has still boxes full of rejected MSS. on her hands. She presently gave up writing Australian tales that nobody would buy, and in collaboration with Mr. Essex, who knew West Africa well, she wrote three adventure stories. The first was accepted, and the publisher failed just as it was coming out. The second, a sequel to this, was declined by Messrs. Smith, Elder, who, however, said it was so good that if the authors wrote another they would probably be able to accept it. The third, "Fools Rush In," they considered an improvement, but not exactly in their style. It was taken by Mr. Heinemann, and brought the authors much kudos, but not so much money as they had hoped for. Then Mr. Werner Laurie accepted "The Silent Ones," and Mary Gaunt began to realise that she could not write so well in collaboration as alone. England and the busy streets of civilisation she found uninspiring, so she wrote that profitable pot-boiler for Chicago, went to West Africa with the money, and "The Uncounted Cost" was the outcome of the journey. She has two other novels at present in hand, one dealing with the early years of Australia, the other with the last slave rising in Jamaica.

Photo by E. Höppé.

Mary Gaunt.
(Mrs. Lindsay Miller.)

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
From the Statue by A. Bruce-Joy in front of Bow Church, E. (see p. 220)

The Londoner of artistic tastes is generally happy to acquiesce in the hard things that are said about the indifferent statues on his streets, but he is by no means equally keen in showing his appreciation of the few noble pieces of sculpture he is lucky enough to possess. Probably there is no finer

statue in London than that of Gladstone which stands before Bow Church in the East End. We reproduce a photograph of this among the illustrations to our article on Mr. T. P. O'Connor. It is the work of Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, and when it was erected, in Gladstone's lifetime, artists and critics were unanimous in their eulogy of its great artistic qualities, its consummate modelling, its natural pose, its simplicity, majesty, and perfect lifelikeness. Nevertheless, during the recent Centenary celebrations, though much was said of the portraits and sculptured presentments of Gladstone, strangely enough this particular statue seems to have been entirely overlooked. Mr. Bruce-Joy found his subject rather a troublesome sitter; when he came to the studio he was restless and too eager to talk animatedly on a vast variety of subjects; wherefore the sculptor found it more satisfactory to observe him, for the pose of the figure and expression of the face, in the House of Commons, and to avail himself of permission to attend at Downing Street within certain hours and watch him as he sat quietly at his table reading dispatches or writing letters. The result of this conscientious and patient study was, as Mr. W. H. Gladstone testified, an "admirable and faithful likeness," and a wonderful piece of art that moved Gladstone himself to write to the donor of it with congratulations "on your choice of a sculptor and on the excellence of his work."

Mr. Bruce-Joy is not optimistic on the future of art in this country. He says it is thirty-one years since he attempted to model any classical figures or imaginative themes, for he finds the public takes no profitable interest in such; but those who know his great statues of Gladstone, of John Bright, of Harvey, and the recently finished bust of the King that is still on view in his studio, and has been seen and warmly approved by his Majesty, will scarcely regret any circumstance that induced him to devote himself, as he has done, to portraiture.

Mr. Charles E. Pearce, whose new novel, "Love Besieged," is meeting with a very gratifying reception, began his literary career many years ago as contributor to a manuscript magazine, started by a little club that was founded as the outcome of a suggestion of the late Hain Friswell, then editor of the *Family Herald*. The first number of this manuscript magazine exhausted the energies of editor and contributors, and no second ever appeared, but the story Mr. Pearce contributed to it found such favour with its readers that he sent it to *All the Year Round*, and had it promptly returned

Photo by W. Wright.

Mr. Charles E. Pearce.

with a kindly note in the unmistakable hand of Charles Dickens. He subsequently sold it to *Pitman's Shorthand Magazine*, and the sum of five shillings which he received for it inspired him to go on. Since then he has published sixty-five serials of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand words each; seventy-five novelettes of twenty-five thousand words each; over four hundred short stories, of fifteen hundred to ten thousand words each; and some hundred and fifty narratives "dug out" of the annals of famous crimes. In addition to all this, he has written many serials and shorter tales for boys, and there are, moreover, a large number of stories scattered through various publications, mainly of the 'eighties, which he has omitted to preserve in his scrap-books.

Before he had established himself as a writer of fiction, Mr. Pearce did a good deal of journalistic work on a Kentish newspaper; then came to London and was attached to one of the papers owned by Mr. James Henderson, afterwards becoming editor, for four years, of *Funny Folks*, which was owned by the same publisher. Meanwhile, among divers other publications, *Young Folks' Budget* belonged to Mr. Henderson, and in the pages of this once popular weekly appeared Mr. Pearce's first

serial, " Frank, the Fisherboy." The story proved a remarkable success, and was republished in various forms ; it was followed by " Billy Bo'sun," and concerning this latter Mr. Pearce tells an interesting anecdote. " Some time ago," he says, " Mr. Robert Leighton, who was also on Mr. Henderson's staff, stated that he remembered Robert Louis Stevenson discussing the story he had called ' A Son of a Sea Cook,' and that Mr. Henderson afterwards renamed ' Treasure Island.' Mr. Leighton's recollection is that Mr. Henderson was not strongly impressed by Stevenson's opening chapters, and sending for a copy of ' Billy Bo'sun,' said to Stevenson, ' I want a story like that.' In ' Billy Bo'sun ' the episode of a treasure buried on an island plays a leading part, and the inference is that Stevenson adopted Mr. Henderson's suggestion and wrote ' Treasure Island ' on the same lines, and the romance duly appeared in the same periodical. The late Dr. Japp protested against this statement, and said that Stevenson had showed him the complete MS. before he took it to Mr. Henderson, but," says Mr. Pearce, " I had it from Mr. Clinton, who was sub-editing *Young Folks' Budget* at the time, that Stevenson's MS. passed through his hands, and he was continually put to great inconvenience and anxiety through the tardy arrival of ' copy.' Stevenson was then residing, I think, at the Isle of Hieres, and was sending instalments of the story week by week. On one occasion the instalment arrived so late that Mr. Clinton had to cut it into slips for speedy composition, an act of necessity which roused Stevenson's ire considerably." One of Mr. Pearce's most successful stories for boys, " The Ball of Fortune," was published by Messrs. Blackie. He has now completed a new novel, " The Eyes of Alicia," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are issuing this spring.

A book that promises to create something of a sensation is " The Life of a Bath-Chairman," that Messrs. Constable have almost ready for publication. It is the story of " a very poor, much-battered man." The author, Mr. George E. Meek, of Eastbourne, has earned a living by pulling a bath-chair up and down the parades of that town for the last nineteen years. He has been an occasional contributor to some of the Eastbourne newspapers, and was engaged on an ambitious ethical treatise when, in the course of forming a new branch of a Socialistic organisation in Folkestone, he made the acquaintance of Mr. H. G. Wells, who discouraged him from going on with the treatise, and urged him instead to write the story of his own life. Mr. Meek is, and looks like, a man with whom the world has

Mr. George E. Meek.

gone roughly, but he is an omnivorous reader, and has a wide acquaintance with literature, and more than one critic who has read his MS. has praised him as the master of " a fine prose style." His publishers think so highly of his Autobiography that they are making him a monthly allowance which keeps him in comparative luxury, and has enabled him to abandon his chair work, as he hopes, for ever.

Mr William de Morgan left England a fortnight ago, and purposes spending the rest of the winter in Florence.

The poetry of Mr. Alfred Noyes is receiving considerable appreciation in Italy. Articles on his work have lately appeared in several of the leading reviews there, and certain his poems have been translated into Italian by Professor P. E. Pavolin.

For permission to reproduce various illustrations in this Number our thanks are due to Mr. A. Bruce-Joy, Mr. Joseph Simpson, the Editor of *Vanity Fair*, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Mr. Fisher Unwin, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, the Priory Press, Mr. Robert Culley, Messrs. Collingridge, and Messrs. Putnam.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2: answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3 *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best short list compiled from British history illustrative of Shakespeare's lines:

"Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss L. JUDGE, 47, Grove Park, Denmark Hill, S.E., for the following:

THE SETTLER. BY RALPH CONNOR.

"He awes not any man."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

We also select for printing:

OPPORTUNITY. BY MARGARET CROSS.

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye."
BURNS.

(G. Yeld, 2, Burton Lane, York.)

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE.

BY WILFRID SCARBOROUGH JACKSON.

"An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

(Violet Sherwin, "The Haven," 11, Carson Road, Dulwich, S.E.)

THE DOOK'S DOOMSDAY BOOK.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"
Henry VIII.

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

MINGLED WINE. BY ANNA BUNSTON.

"Where pleasure and repentance dwell."
Song by SIR W. RALEIGH.

(Daisy Cowper, Edge Hill Training College, Liverpool.)

THE SUBMARINE GIRL. BY EDGAR TURNER.

"She sat with you and me
On a red-gold throne in the heart of the sea."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Forsaken Merman.*

(Miss Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant, Highbury, N.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. BY W. DE MORGAN.

"There was a young lady of Niger
Who went for a ride on a tiger,
They returned from that ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."
Nonsense Rhyme.

(Miss M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere.)

II.—A number of papers have been received in this competition, but none is entirely satisfactory. We purposely restricted the list of biographical facts in proof or disproof of the assertion that "the best work has always been done by the unmarried or childless man" to literature, but several competitors have gone outside this limit. Dr. F. C. Fraser, for instance, sends a good list of fifty great men, thirty-six of whom were married and twenty-seven of whom had children; but he ignores all the world's novelists, and accounts for only three of the poets. The

fullest list within the limits imposed is Mr. John G. Horne's (but he places Dumas and Meredith among the "unmarried or childless," and, on the other hand, omits Darwin). Much shorter, but accurate so far as it goes, is the list of Mrs. Rainey. We therefore divide the prize and send TWO NEW NOVELS to Mr. JOHN G. HORNE, Schoolhouse, Thornhill, Perthshire; and two to Mrs. PANSIE ANNIE RAINEY, 6, Albany Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Miss M. CHENEVIX TRENCH, 9, Radnor Park West, Folkestone, for the following:

CONTEMPORARY IRELAND. By PAUL DUBOIS. (Maunsel & Co., Dublin.)

To the Irish Irelander, M. Dubois' book brings a message of great hope and confidence in the future. The author is so gloriously optimistic, but withal so full of equitable and well-balanced judgments, that there is no thought of the elusive hope of the Irishman, only the clear, well-reasoned optimism bred of a careful study of character and history. The book deals chiefly with the great movements which are at work in Ireland, and has the rare charm of expanding and enlarging the interest, and, still more important, the intelligence, of the reader to the last page.

Among the best of the large number of other reviews sent in are:

US FOUR. By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (John Murray.)

These somewhat haphazard reminiscences give charming glimpses of a simple, old-fashioned, severely gracious Scottish home. They are notably true to nature, *e.g.* in the childishly disproportionate view of life's happenings—the end of the world is as imminent in the tragedy of Nurse's cancelled present as in the river accident. The grown-ups are admirably drawn, always from the child standpoint—the parents by suggestive traits, other Olympiads in fuller detail. Here again the question of seeing things in due proportion comes in, marking off the Good Governess from her predecessors and Nurse. A magic book, to set each one a-dreaming.

(Carol Ward. No address sent.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN SWORD. By MICHAEL BARRINGTON. (Chatto & Windus.)

Here we find ample entertainment, and incidentally instruction, for the central figure is a famous soldier-statesman over whose deeds and motives grave historians still quarrel. The politics of seventeenth-century Scotland are revealed as seen by a Hibernian bred in France, an Epicurean young gentleman whose verdicts are at once original and illuminating. Nor do we tire of Scotland, for Dick Nugent takes us to London, where we jest with Buckingham and Dorset, saunter with the Merry Monarch in St. James's Park, and shop with Mr. Pepys. It is a brilliant novel, humorous yet tragic, sparkling yet profound.

(Amy Constance Every, 16, Augusta Gardens, Folkestone.)

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS. By LADY ST. HELIER. (Edward Arnold.)

Poets and princes, politicians and peers; the whole gay pageant of the nineteenth century passes. Now in the lists we break a wordy lance with Thomas Carlyle; or once more break bread at Balliol's high-table with her critic-poet Matthew Arnold. Again we pass to the scene of some fierce political encounter, where Titans struggled with no mere pigmies' weapons. We feast our eyes on the glowing colours of an artist who has sight and insight: in our ears is the echo of sweet music—the music of wit and wisdom.

(L. G. Duke, Brasenose College, Oxford.)

A SENSE OF SCARLET. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann.)

There are some twenty well-written stories of which love is the chief interest. Ordinary events or common aspirations do not matter in the least so long as one stands on the broad steps of human love. Few of the characters are young, and these the least interesting, while the oldish ones are the most original, if not the most convincing. The key-note is the eternal youth of love. The amorousness of immaturity seems rather to be despised. "The Night" is certainly one of the best of these tales.

(Charles H. Lamming, 127, Arncliffe Terrace, Bradford).

We specially commend also the reviews received from H. W. Cornelius (Ipswich), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Agnes M. Tannahill (Glasgow), G. M. Elwood (Grimsby), Noel T. Methley (Bristol), Miss Browne (Worcester), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Margarita L. Tipper (Kendal), Bella Kingstone (Stamford Hill. N.), Jack Hedley (Harrogate), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), E. Ward (Southsea), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), F. W. Lawfield (Cambridge), Joan Harry Hall (Aberdeen), and Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to JAMES T. SMILLIE, 5, Maxwell Street, Pollokshaws, Glasgow.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1 to March 1, 1910.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ADAMS, Mrs. HUGH, and MISS E. A. BROWNE.—The Social Calendar for 1910. Full leather with rounded corners, 2s. 6d. net.
ARCHER, R. L., M.A., Professor of Education in University College, Bangor, W. J. LEWIS, B.Sc., and A. E. CHAPMAN.—The Teaching of Geography in Elementary Schools. 3s. 6d. net.
SKUES, G. E. M.—Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream, and Kindred Studies. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, ELLIS.—The Passing of the Shereefian Empire. 15s. net.
HATELY WADDELL, REV. P., D.D.—Thoughts on Modern Mysticism. 3s. 6d.
McIVER, IVER.—An Imperial Adventure. 6s.
RIVETT-CARNAC, COLONEL J. H., C.I.E.—Many Memories of Life in India, at Home and Abroad. 10s. 6d. net.
SALMON, ARTHUR L.—A New Book of Verse. 3s. net.
SHEEPSHANKS, RICHARD.—Hector and Achilles: A Tale of Troy. Rendered into English after the Chronicle of Homer. With illustrations by J. Finnemore. 5s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

DAWE, C. CARLTON.—Mount Desolation. 6d.
DEAKIN, DOROTHEA.—The Goddess Girl. 6s.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The Rust of Rome. 6s.
GERARD, MORICE.—Under the Red Star. 1s. net.
HAW, G.—A Lad of London. 3s. 6d.
McCONNELL, PRIMROSE.—Farm Equipment. (Complete Farmer Series.) Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, H. H.—Gardening Difficulties Solved. (Gardening Handbooks. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, H. H.—The Ideal Garden. 6s. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

ANTROBUS, MRS. C. L.—The Stone Ezel. 6s.
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—Armorel of Lyonesse. Cheap Edition. 6d.
BIERCE, AMBROSE.—In the Midst of Life. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
BOURGET, PAUL.—A Living Lie. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
COLLINS, WILKIE.—Blind Love. 6d.
CROSS, MISS M. B.—Opportunity. 6s.
FITZGERALD, PERCY.—Samuel Foote: a Biography. 12s. 6d. net.
GIBSON, L. S.—The Freemasons. Cheap Edition. 1s. net.
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—A Call: The Tale of Two Passions. 6s.
ZOLA, EMILE.—Thérèse Raquin. Cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A.—Shakespeare: Coriolanus. 2s.
COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A., and B. J. HAYES, M.A.—Ovid: Heroides I.—X. 3s. 6d.
WEEKES, A. R., B.A.—Shelley: Adonais. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

EMERSON, R. W.—Journals. 2 Vols. 6s. net each.
MAIDEN, P. S.—Travels in Spain. 10s. 6d. net.
MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Poems Written in Early Youth. 6s. net.
"NIGHTSHADE."—Paul Gwynne. 6s.
SHUTE, HENRY A.—Farming It. 5s.
SUHRAWARDY, A. L.—Sayings of Muhammad. 1s. net.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BROWN, DR. HADYN.—Sleep and Sleeplessness. 2s. 6d.
SANDARS, MARY F.—Louis XVIII. 16s.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

HEYSINGER, DR. I.—Spirit and Matter before the Bar of Modern Science. 15s. net.
LONDON, JACK.—Before Adam. Popular Edition, in cloth decorated cover. 2s. net.
MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD.—The Wicked World. 6s.
PEIXOTTO, ERNEST C.—Through the French Provinces. With 85 drawings by the Author. 10s. 6d. net.
TRUSCOTT, PARRY.—The Question. 6s.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

CURTIN, JEREMIAH.—A Journey in Southern Siberia: The Mongols, their Religion and their Myths. 12s. 6d. net.
HANDS, MARY.—300 Things a Bright Boy Can do. With over 100 Illustrations. 6s. net.
SIRE DE JOINVILLE.—Saint Louis: King of France. 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Mills & Boon.

GREW, E. S.—The Court of William III. 15s. net.
HUGHES, M. E.—Margot Munro. 6s.
MANN, M. E.—Bound Together. 6s.
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—Calico Jack. 6s.
PARKER, SIR GILBERT.—Cumner's Son. 1s. net.
WHITE, PERCY.—An Averted Marriage. 6s.

Mr. John Murray.

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE.—The Tower of Ivory. 6s.
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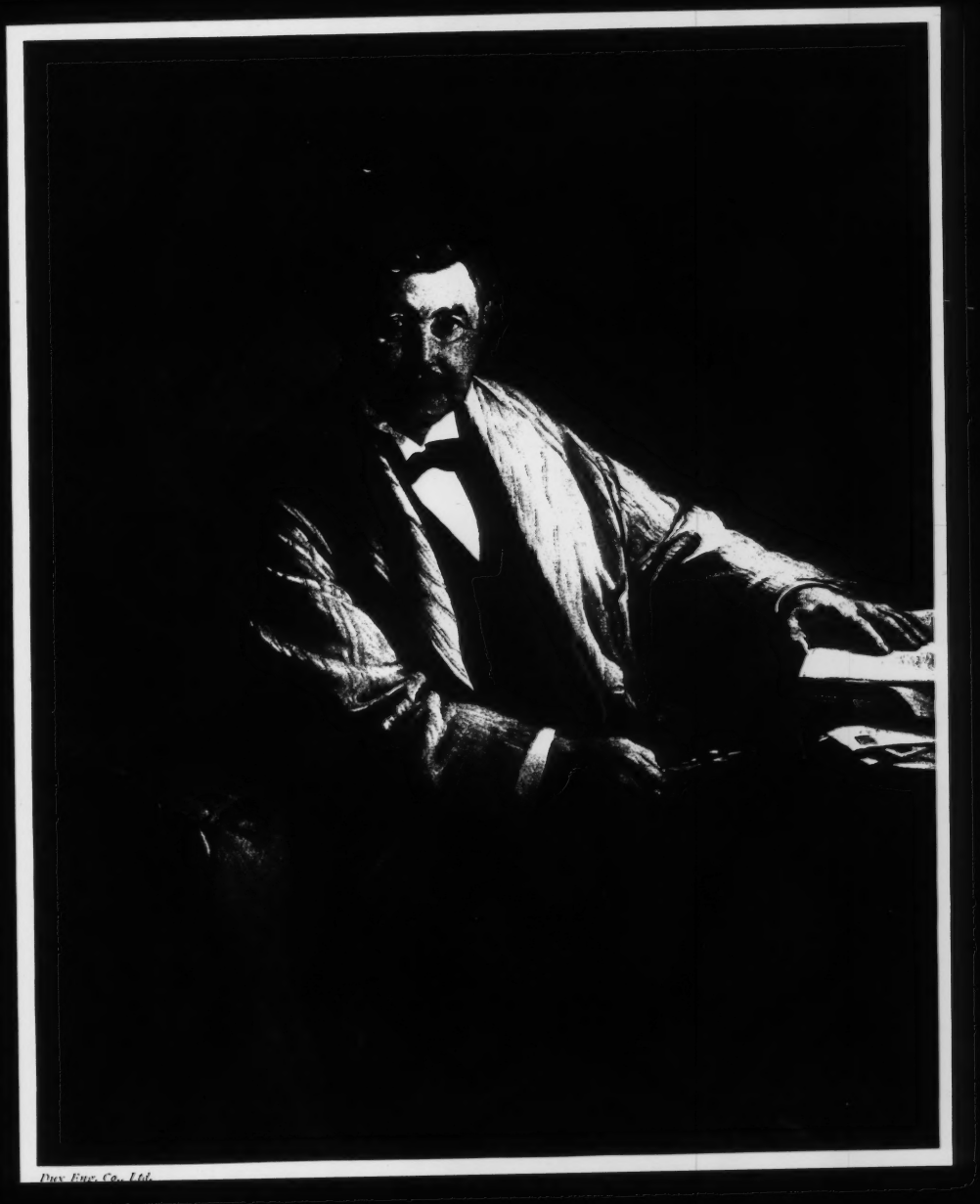

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THE READER.

T. P. O'CONNOR AS AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.*

By Ashley Gibson.

THERE are two men, both of whom are now living, who have been characterised with some degree of justice as the founders of modern journalism. One of them is W. T. Stead and the other is T. P. O'Connor. Together, Mr. Stead once wrote, they "broke the old tradition, and made journalism a living thing, palpitating with actuality, in touch with life at all points. We abolished the mystery of the editor, who, before our time, was a kind of invisible Grand Lama. We saw everybody, went everywhere, and did every mortal thing which seemed to us worth doing." That T. P. O'Connor is largely responsible for the vastly altered and improved conditions which obtain in the newspaper world of to-day as compared with what it was twenty years back is I think true, though I do not here intend to concern myself overmuch with this aspect of a public figure whose aspects and interests are manifold. Nor is it of T. P. the statesman that I shall treat at length Mr. O'Connor himself has told me that he is as weary of being discussed as a politician as of being discussed as a journalist, and that in both capacities he has been "written to death." T. P. the man of letters is the subject of this article, the T. P. whose pen is the pen of a ready and always readable writer. Liveliest of biographers, most vivid of impressionists when called upon to chronicle an incident or story that bears within it the germ of human or dramatic interest, he would remain an outstanding literary figure of our era if he had never launched a single newspaper, let alone six, and never, standing upon the floor of the House of Commons, moved that respectable body to repeated rounds of tumultuous and hilarious applause. For as a political orator there is no one above him, and few indeed that reach his level, a fact vouched for by an authority so little likely to be biassed as the late Sir H. M. Stanley.

If, in treating of T. P. O'Connor's early days, of that period of alternate triumph and disappointment that preceded his ultimate and signal achievement in each department of human activity with which he has chosen to identify himself, I appear to dwell unduly upon early influences and harp overmuch upon biographical minutiæ, I must be forgiven. For T. P., for all his kinship to England and things English, is first and last an Irishman, which is to say a Celt, which is to say a being extraordinarily sensitive to impressions, whether impressions received from his fellow-men, from scenery, or from books. Nothing after all is more interesting than to trace the effect on such a temperament of the especial and peculiar joys and sorrows experienced in youth, of hard knocks received in early manhood, of the sudden coming upon a scene or passage in some great work of literature, of conversations and sights which, almost trivial in themselves, leave an impress on the character that nothing afterwards removes.

On recalling the history of his early life Mr. O'Connor confesses to thinking rather of scenery than of books. The two things that he remembers best are a road through a bog and a river, both in the West of Ireland. The road through the bog led to the school that he attended as a boy, the College of the Immaculate Conception at Athlone. The river was the Shannon, at once "intoxicating in its attractiveness and tragic in its story." For the lake into which it flowed was always treacherous; "sudden storms constantly swept across it; and every year it took its toll of death. But it had wonderful sunsets, and beautiful islands; and somehow or other one felt upon its waters that large sense of liberation from the ordinary things of life which to youth, still opulent in hope and dreams, is always a delight." Down the Shannon T. P. would drift as a lad, lying on his back in the bottom of a boat, while gazing at the sky in a condition of disembodied emotion more intoxicating than any other of the pleasures in his experience. Also he remembers standing for hours before a cobbler who plied his trade in the open air, but

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **T. P. O'Connor, M.P.**
Specially taken for The Bookman.

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Old Farmhouse of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Father.
From a pen-and-ink sketch.

rarely speaking or asking a question. In those days far more of a dreamer than a reader, he must have been a strangely emotional boy. "I had an extraordinary power of anticipating evil; which marks the source of much that I have felt, and perhaps something of what I have suffered in my life. I remember still how often I rushed home just to see whether one of my relatives was dead." Mr. O'Connor believes that he must have read much, as well as dreamed much, in those years, for there was never a time when he could not spell with almost unfailing accuracy. His memory at this day is in some respects extraordinary, in others bad. He cannot quote correctly any line of poetry save "The Raven" and "The Lotus Eaters," both of which he has known for very many years by heart.

His first glimpse into the world of real literature was obtained when he took up an odd volume of Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature." Latin and Greek literature had its masterpieces, so he had been taught at school, but no one had thought of suggesting to him that his own language might have its masterpieces too. Very vividly he remembers the thrill with which he listened to a schoolfellow's recitation of the lines in "Tam o' Shanter" describing the scene in Alloway Kirk. Forty years afterwards he quoted them in a lecture before the Burns Society in Edinburgh, a lecture to which I shall refer later.

The House in Castle Street, Athlone, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was born.
From a pen-and-ink sketch.

The other literary event of that time was the discovery of Wilkie Collins and "The Woman in White." While in school, T. P. obtained no distinction as a writer of English composition, but rose rapidly, to the surprise of no one more than himself, to be the head of his class in Religious Composition.

The lonely, rather shy boy, winning prizes in his class for Religious Composition, could not have been given overmuch to romping with his companions, or entering very deeply into their interests. He preferred to go for walks by himself. The wind and the sea of Galway "beat a tumultuous chorus to strong young nerves and fast-flowing blood."

To hold to facts and dates, T. P. O'Connor was born in Athlone on October 5, 1848, the year of real revolutions on the continent and abortive uprisings in Ireland. He was brought up in an atmosphere strictly, almost narrowly, religious. Walking when a small boy with his father and a neighbour, the latter mentioned that an English visitor to Athlone had ventured on the reckless extravagance of having beefsteak for breakfast. "Ah!" was the elder O'Connor's response, "some men have their heaven in this life." Mr. Stead tells a story showing how difficult the youth reared amid such austere surroundings found it in after-life to shake off the feeling that bodily enjoyment was sinful. Invited with others of his young

St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Athlone, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor was baptized.

countrymen to supper with Father Lockhart, he perceived the table spread with roast beef and roast potatoes, not a very elaborate repast after all. But it came as a shock to him. "Surely," he said, "this cannot be a priest's house." When he left the school at Athlone he was entered at Queen's College, Galway, whence he graduated M.A. at twenty-one, taking his bachelor's degree in his eighteenth year and winning the senior scholarship in History and Modern Languages. His capabilities as a linguist have always stood him in good stead. After a journalistic apprenticeship passed on the Dublin *Saunders's Newsletter*, he came to London, in 1870, and after much weary hunting for employment procured a post on the *Daily Telegraph*, largely owing to his knowledge of French and German. He had owned to something more than a smattering of Latin and Greek since very early days, and in later years he added Italian and Spanish to the list of foreign tongues at his command. After a year or two a change of organisation lost him his appointment, and he was flung again headlong into the turmoil of free-lance journalism. But what seemed an evil stroke of fortune was to turn to his advantage.

Driven to engage in every kind of hackwork for which he could get commissions, including the fabrication of "penny dreadfuls," he was struck by the idea of writing a little book describing famous scenes in the House of Commons. At the British Museum he came across the story of Disraeli's *début* in the House, saw an opportunity for turning the political situation of the day to his own advantage, and set to work thereupon on a "Life of Beaconsfield" that was an unqualified, a brilliant success. Party fever was running high, and this unsparing and frankly savage attack on the famous Conservative leader was received with shouts of joy by the Opposition. I have read this biography. It is a spirited and sustained piece of invective, and so avowedly partisan that its bitterness was perhaps to be excused, for the discerning reader might see that no individual, even a red-hot Tory, could really be quite so evil as the subject of this anonymous volume.

T. P. easily and convincingly identifies Disraeli's cynical hero "Vivian Grey" with his own author. The book is, he declares, a shameless autobiography superficially disguised. "Beaconsfield" is interesting even if only for throwing so vivid a light upon Parliamentary modes and manners of a bygone epoch. Foppish members appear in embroidered waistcoats, bottle-green frock-coats, "large fancy-pattern pantaloons," and wear their hair in ringlets anointed with "thine incomparable oil, Macassar."

Mr. O'Connor worked at this book with so much zeal that he brought on an attack of nervous prostration, but its reception made firm his foothold on the road to success. His friend Dr. Ward, who had represented Galway in the House of Commons, retired in 1880. His seat was offered to T. P., who agreed to stand. His "Beaconsfield" and a "Cyclopædia of Irish Literature" had brought him in £200. With such slender resources for electioneering purposes he crossed to Galway, was elected, and returned to take his seat in the House, where he has sat ever since, at first for his native constituency, afterwards for one of the Liverpool divisions.

But his pen was still busy. Working as Parliamentary chronicler for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, he produced a series of masterpieces of vivid descriptive writing, the cream of which are incorporated in "Gladstone's House of Commons," published in 1885. The last sketch—the best of all, in my opinion—was written on the morning after the memorable fall of Gladstone's Government.

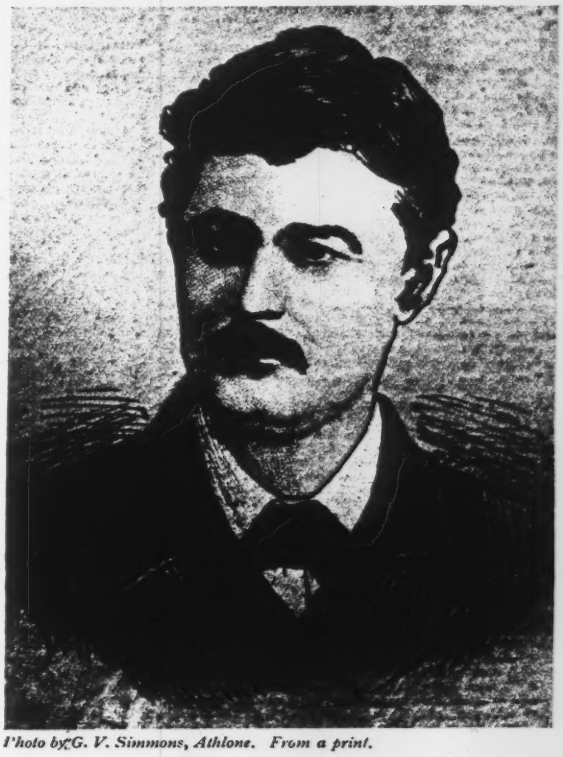

Photo by G. V. Simmons, Athlone. From a print.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., at the time of the Galway Election, 1880.

Mr. Stead declares that he pulled T. P. out of bed to write it. I quote the closing episode, following the unexpected discovery by the Opposition that the Government had been badly beaten on a division:

"Throughout all this mad tumult—one of the maddest ever seen in the House of Commons—Mr. Gladstone remained outwardly untroubled, unheeding, even unhearing. He sat in his usual seat with his dispatch to the Queen in his portfolio, on his knees, writing apparently with undisturbed swiftness the account of his own defeat. He never once looked up. At last the numbers were told; then more wild cheering; and then the dull, heavy, and inarticulate voice of Sir Erskine May recalling the House from its passionate heights of tragedy to the Orders of the Day. But the descent was too sudden, and would not be allowed. There were loud and deafening shouts of interruption and protest, and at last it was evident that the Government would not be allowed to escape without giving some evidence and confession of its defeat. Mr. Gladstone rose. He had the dispatch to the Queen and the portfolio in his hand, and his face was quiet, and just a trifle sad and meek. There was a burst of enthusiastic cheers from his followers. It was answered by loud shouts of triumph from the other side, and the storm went on for minutes, cheer answering cheer, and exclamations answering exclamations. Mr. Gladstone stood calm amid it all. He looked at his dispatch; and, when the tumult grew loudest, even affected to cross its t's and dot its i's. At one time it seemed as if he would have to sit down without a word. But at last he was allowed to move the adjournment of the House. Then there were more cheers; and the House began to empty slowly. And then it was that the most touching event of the night occurred. The House had half emptied; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Richard Grosvenor were standing up talking to each other. Lord Richard, as Senior Liberal Whip, had, of course, the main responsibility for the disaster of the night. Between him and Mr. Gladstone there is, as is known, a strong and deep attachment. The Prime Minister shook his faithful friend and follower by the hand. Everybody who saw the incident noted and was touched by it, and interpreted its plain meaning—'I forgive, and—farewell.'"

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. T. P. O'Connor in 1890.**

The Gladstone Statue in front of Bow Church.
A. Bruce-Joy, sculptor.
(*see page* 211).

In 1899 appeared "The Parnell Movement," which embodied further reminiscences of T. P.'s career in the House; it was followed soon afterwards by "Charles Stewart Parnell," which is rather an impression than a life of the famous Irish leader. The decline of its unhappy subject, socially, physically, and almost mentally, is portrayed with the graphic skill of a pen that is yet always sympathetic and appreciative. Two years later appeared "Sketches in the House," very much on the lines of "Gladstone's House of Commons." "Some Old Love Stories," appearing in 1895, contained able and sympathetic essays on the lives of men and women of recent history, including Abraham Lincoln and the Carlyles. Mr. O'Connor, by the way, holds a

Queen's College, Galway, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor was educated.

brief for Froude, whose disclosures concerning the conjugal amenities of the Carlyle household have come in for a good deal of adverse criticism. Here is a passage describing the most sorrowful period in Lincoln's life:

"Lincoln was left alone to that duel with the madness of his wife and the overshadowing gloom of his own inherited nature. This is the man who had to carry a people through the most awful of struggles; who had to play the leading part in a tragedy with a million deaths; who was the very arch and keystone on whom weighed the Atlas burden of a great nation, rent as by earthquake. And looking inside—away from the shouts of triumph or of defeat, of idolatrous love, of frenzied hate, of all those millions that adored or that cursed him—this is what we find him: a lonely, gloomy, smileless man, tied to the fiery wheel of an unhappy marriage, and to the heritage of woe that comes to us from the dim, remote, dark depths of our unknown progenitors."

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., on the Links.
From a drawing by Joseph Simpson.

How clearly we see a certain side of Lincoln, too, in the following little touch, a remark made by Miss Owen, whose unsuccessful suitor he had been at one time: "I thought Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness."

Other published volumes of T. P.'s include a series of reprinted articles on "Napoleon," mostly by way of reviews of books on the subject, and "The Phantom Millions," which relates the romance of the alleged Humbert riches that fascinated the whole of Europe but a few years back. But there are besides these a hundred newspaper articles that stand for something

Newspaper Sketches of T. P. O'Connor, M.P., during his late visit to America.

Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead. **"T. P."**

considerably higher than mere journalism. There is a picture of a meeting with a former friend, now dying, in a hospital at Cannes, that is a masterpiece after its kind. The writer has the gay mental and moral atmosphere of Monte Carlo still about him, and he is ushered into as depressing a scene as one could well imagine. William Saunders, M.P., once his chief in old days on *Saunders's Newsletter*, is dying of dropsy :

"It was gradually ascending to the heart : and as I looked down at the rug the thought seized me that it marked, so to speak, the rise of the tide of death, and the amount of space that had been covered in the territory that lay between life and death. There was something awful in the thought that that space now remained so small. I found any utterance difficult, for I had known and esteemed this man so much, and he was a familiar and welcome landmark in the story of my chequered fortunes. And suddenly he began to talk quite calmly of—what do you think ? Of the Taxation of Ground Values ! I could scarcely believe my ears. I was at once astounded, horrified, humiliated. As I looked at the figure in the chair, with the already half-glazed eyes, the rug—that awful frontier ; the vast gaunt room—and Death approaching no longer with a stealthy, but an audible, step, I suddenly rushed back to those ideas in which I had been brought up. At once I thought of all this as the ante-chamber to that immeasurable, unending, terrible thing called Eternity, and then, as I listened to this talk of the Taxation of Ground Values, the contrast seemed to be at once too horrible and too grotesque."

The impression was too grotesque not to last, to reappear, and to play havoc with the imagination during slumber. During a sleepless night soon afterwards, while the writer lay in anguish and horror, "all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" :

"I saw before me that other man, seated in his small chair, with the rug around his knees, and Death advancing steadily and rapidly, and still talking of the Taxation of Ground Values and Workmen's Clubs, and the sovereigns in people's pockets, and all the infinitely little and transient things of this life in face of the appalling vastness and unendingness of that other life to come. But the contrast only helped to heighten my sense of the vision through which I was passing. I could do nothing but lie there, still and paralysed, and through the long watches of the night I, child of a sorrowing race and a stern creed, listened to the dreadful voices of the sea ; and the sea heaved and moaned —heaved and moaned, as do the spirits of the damned."

To consider that side of Mr. O'Connor's literary activity which is confined to criticism, I shall turn to the lecture on Burns read by him before the Burns Society in Edinburgh rather than to one of his usual reviews worked out on the lines that he laid down some

"Tay Pay."

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Photo by Elliott & Fry. **"T. P.'s Weekly" Offices.**

Photo by the Dover Street Studios. **Mr. T. P. O'Connor, 1908.**

years ago. His method of using long quotations in the "Book of the Week" type of article that appears regularly in *T. P.'s Weekly*, and used to appear in the *Sunday Sun*, provides one of the most readable and popular forms of literary criticism that exist; but in his more serious critical work he reaches a really high level. I quote a representative passage from his paper on the Scottish poet:—

"There are critics of Burns who are shocked that his pen should have written 'The Jolly Beggars'; as though Literature were some city snob who could only touch shoulders with the well-to-do, instead of a great Court, before which men appear in the nudity of their souls, and appeal for equal sympathy and study, whether high or low, innocent or guilty, and where there can be no more respect for persons, or uniforms, or fine clothes, or labels, or all those other outward unrealities as compared with the reality of the soul than in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Burns would have been untrue to the great calling to which he always remained so loyal if he had not sought his studies of mankind everywhere; and I will even venture to say, if he had not sought his studies in the poor, the lowly, the vanquished, rather than in the prosperous and the high-placed. Among the latter he must always have been something of a stranger; among the former he was with his own people, and it is to them he has given the great utterance that has made him, above all the writers of any land or any time, the poet of the people."

Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead. **Mr. T. P. O'Connor at Home.**

It is T. P. the man of letters whom I have been considering, but he is so well-known a journalist, and some of his journalism is writing so able as to deserve a higher title, that a short summary of his newspaper career seems hardly out of place. His first editorial chair was that on the paper founded by himself in 1887, the *Star*, still an excellent property, though its founder parted with his rights in it in 1890 for the substantial sum of £15,000, binding himself at the same time not to start another evening paper for three years. He then inaugurated the *Sunday Sun*, followed when the three years were up by the *Sun*, both of which

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Room at the Offices of "T. P.'s Weekly."

became paying properties within a year. These and *P. T. O.* also have passed out of Mr. O'Connor hands. But he still controls the destinies of *T. P.'s Weekly*, the well-known penny journal that has done much to make good literature popular.

Mr. O'Connor declares somewhere that during one period of his boyhood he read through the works of Robertson, the historian, with a view to acquiring hints on style. Robertson's "appeared the model of what a style ought to be," and he carefully pruned his own luxuriances, and wrote as dryly and inhumanly as possible, till the need of being interesting, the first thing the professional journalist has to learn, made him alter all that. For years now T. P. has been one of the most interesting of periodical writers, and not a line of "copy" of his makes dull reading, notwithstanding his prodigious rate of production. He holds that the first duty of a book, as of a newspaper, is to be of human interest. I incline to think that he is right.

From a Newspaper Sketch during his late visit to America.

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

LADY GROGAN has laid generations of Harrovians under a debt of gratitude. Mr. Bosworth Smith, her father, whose Life she has written,* was, as is well known, a man who touched life on many sides—touching it always to adorn; who made his personality felt by very many persons, in widely separated lands, and in very various walks of life. By all these he will be gratefully remembered; with his excellent and serviceable gifts, and high and gracious character, it could not well be otherwise. But, when all is said, the fact remains that early impressions are the strongest. To the statesmen, clerics, Anglo-Indian officials, pedagogues, and others who came under his influence, or in contact with him, he was a beneficent force, an inspiration, a man always well worth meeting and well worth listening to. But to the boys who sat under him, in form or in pupil-room, at Harrow School, he was much more than these things. *Experto crede.* From *their* point of view, the words love and enthusiasm were not by any means too strong to be used in speaking of him. In fact, they are the only words which will at all correctly convey the sentiment he inspired. As author, public speaker, controversialist, then, Bosworth Smith was distinguished, as teacher, schoolmaster, he was beloved, revered—I had almost written worshipped. For a boy, though radically an unsentimental animal, will at times carry admiration to great lengths. And if his admiration seem to older heads at times exaggerated, it is by no means certain that in this matter age and wisdom go hand-in-hand. On the face of it, it might appear that there was little about Bosworth Smith specially calculated to impress boyhood. His manner was certainly not that of the typical successful schoolmaster. Nor was there that about him which suggested earlier prowess in the football-field. Nor, again, had he the erect carriage and dignified bearing of that colleague of his whom irreverent youth had nicknamed Vanity (a name which stuck), nor the bluff geniality which characterised "Skipper." Though he must have been always a good-looking man, of the Saxon type, still I cannot help thinking that age much refined his features, whilst it also accentuated the gentle seriousness of their expression. As he stood up before his class, thirty or forty years ago, his hair was often ruffled, his nether garments had a trick of looking too short for him, and the attitudes into which he threw himself, though certainly unstudied, were scarcely those of unstudied elegance. And schoolboys are observant of these things and apt to be critical of them. But no one ever criticised "Bozzy" in any but the kindliest spirit. Instinctively his character inspired a fine blend of respect with affection. And there were practical reasons for this, too; for he knew how to turn the drudgery of "form" into a delight. He was so interested in things himself that his boys grew interested too. Among his brother-masters he had the reputation of going in for General Information. I do not pretend to say if his fund of learning, certainly large, was actually extraordinary; but it is certain that he had it to an extraordinary extent at command And there was no subject in universal knowledge which he would not willingly have laid under contribution to illustrate his theme of the moment. But what most of all characterised his teaching was the power he had of imparting life to it. For him there were no dead languages, dark ages, or dry-as-dust studies. For he could make dry bones live—and make them live, too, not only to the sense of men, his peers and coevals, which is comparatively an easy task, but to that also of ordinary lads of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Little enough had we cared till then for Mohammed or Mohammedanism, but when he courteously invited us to

* "Reginald Bosworth Smith: A Memoir." By his Daughter, Lady Grogan. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead. **Mr. T. P. O'Connor at work.**

diversify a holiday by attending a lecture on that subject, we dutifully did so, and from that time forth we began to care for what had before been caviare. His favourite studies were, however, the most human of studies: Literature, History, Geography. And to the boys whom he taught these subjects, he made the English poets familiar, he made the classics live, and he brought home the relation of Geography to the soil they trod, and of History to the events of the day.

As related by his daughter, Bosworth Smith's life is a life fair, rounded, complete, and in the best sense happy. To read it is both cheering and inspiring. His childhood, of which glimpses are afforded in his delightful "Bird Life and Bird Lore" (Murray, 1905), was an eminently fortunate one. He had a brilliant school and college career, was for over thirty years a highly successful master at Harrow, found time amid his scholastic duties to write three admirable books, touched the public opinion of his day on several important points, married most happily and brought up a fine family. Finally, in the evening of his days—the reward of approved labour—he retired to a beautiful home in his well-loved native county, to enjoy a few years of comparative leisure—the first he had known since reaching manhood. Bosworth Smith's life is that most rare thing, the record of a strenuous and effective existence, in which there is nothing humanly disposible that one would wish otherwise than as it is.

THE MEMORIAL EDITION OF MEREDITH.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

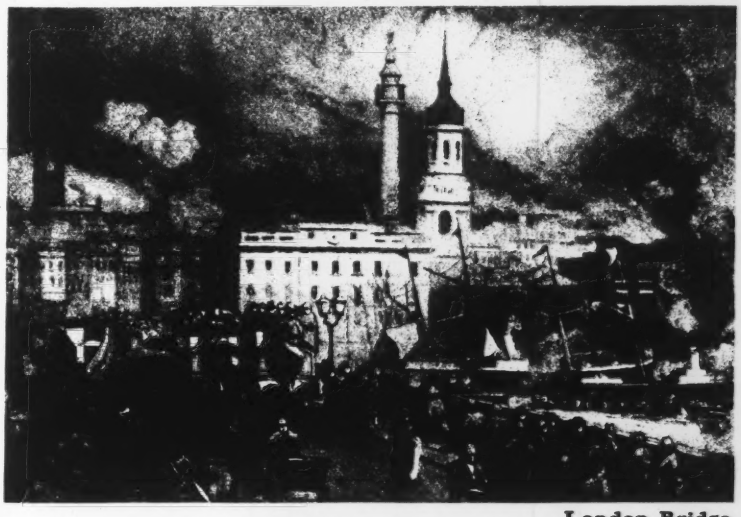
OF the new Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith six volumes have now appeared,* enough to show that we are to possess in it a worthy, dignified, complete, and carefully thought out textual monument of one of the chief ornaments of English letters. The finest exponent of English phrase, to put his work at its lowest, that our day and generation has produced! To many of us he is far more than that.

Everything that Meredith wrote for publication will appear in this edition, and as a collective issue of his entire "Works" it will be completed by means of the two volumes of Letters which are now being transcribed and will shortly be published in a uniform binding under the editorial care of Lord Morley. Apart from the Letters, the Memorial Edition will extend to twenty-seven volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated by upwards of sixty pictures *hors texte*, including several unpublished portraits, reproductions of manuscripts, views of places connected with the life of the author, and the *mise en scène* of his characters, and a few reproductions from the original woodcuts of fifty years since when the first novels appeared. The text will, of course, be the standard one in time to come, for it will embody all the latest corrections and revisions from the author's own hand. Side by side with the revised version, however, the original readings will be given in a special volume. Flakes from the eternal flint will thus be preserved. We shall catch a glimpse, as it were, of the creative process. Those who deprecate the later happy thoughts of men of genius in regard to their immature offspring will thus, it is hoped, be placated.

"As the question shot like a javelin, she tried ineffectually to disengage her fingers."
Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge.
From "Evan Harrington," by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

The entire harvest of Meredithian verse will be garnered in these volumes. We shall be dowered, in addition, with a goodly proportion of unpublished prose, a new comedy "The Sentimentalist," the new unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon," now appearing in six successive issues of the *Fortnightly Review*, and several short introductions and notices, hitherto uncollected. These volumes are now appearing in England and America at the rate of two per month, and early in February "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Richard Feverel," "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming," and "Evan Harrington" will already have been published.

* "The Works of George Meredith." Memorial Edition. Vols I.-VI. Illustrated. (Constable.)



London Bridge.

Drawn by William Hyde.
From "One of Our Conquerors," by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

The splendour of Meredith will always shed a sunset glory from Victorian letters upon the present reign, during which Meredith reigned, a monarch as incontestable in his own sphere as King Edward in his. We could have wished that we had in this notice to chronicle a tribute more national in its scope than a Memorial Edition, but for some years to come it may well be that the true sovereignty of Meredith will be obscured by the density of the medium in which he worked. Of all forms of literature it can hardly be denied that Fiction is the most extravagant, the most cumbrous, and the most difficult to estimate. Of a thousand novels conceived every year some hundreds, it may be, come to a birth, but how infinitesimally few outlive the first year of their existence! Novelists produce millions—for mere units to survive. But no genius can be prolific of millions—Meredith least of all, the most impatient, exquisite, and undiluted of artists. The greatest of our novelists, it will be found, such as Fielding, Scott, and Dickens, persist more in the nature of an odour than of an essence. They perfume for us some of the sunniest spots of literary memory, but we cannot distil them. So it is with Meredith. He rises most above his peers and above himself in work that is often most signally imperfect and unequal.

He is the champion, the Don Quixote, of the finest, most iridescent elements in life—enthusiasm, chivalry, honour, gentle blood, pride of race, the witty temperament, noblesse oblige, youthful gallantry, dawning love, and love of England. These are the intoxicants with which he exhilarates us in books of his early prime from 1859 onwards, "Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Harry Richmond." The first excited the envy of Charles Dickens, then renewing his youth in "Great Expectations." The second suggested an emulation with Thackeray. The third is a medley of romantic elements and superbly illuminative prose unequalled since the finest flights of the Renaissance. Thoughts and feelings are interpreted with a divination equally godlike. The first halves of these three books represent Meredith's sublimest soarings in pursuit of the Blue Bird. "Beauchamp's Career" is a sort of pivot, reflecting some of his happiest efforts, prospecting a more epigrammatic and elliptical manner to follow, in some ways doubtless his own favourite and possibly his greatest work. "Diana" and "The Egoist" are novels for philosophers in pursuit of new formulæ. Thought weighs down feeling, ideas strain at the leash of language, virtuosity tortures inspiration. Such medleys for metaphysicians have every great quality save one—simplicity.

The author anticipates some of the perversities latterly ascribed to him in the conversation of Richmond Roy—"incessant talking, no telling of events straightforwardly but all by fits—all here and there," "history in duck and-drake skips," "unfinished architecture." In return we get a new copiousness, a new punctuation, a new vividness of phrase—the wine of language. Yet the stint of narrative, the growing deviation from directness, and obscuration of the staid and uncalculating, unimaginative element in life, achieved the estrangement of some who had worshipped the young god of the 'sixties.

The reperusal of Meredith with a saner and soberer judgment in these volumes will bring many back to their old allegiance. Is it not rather sad to discover that writing which once moved one deeply has lost its former power? This will never happen to a student of Meredith. A new inspection of the material will show its relative permanence. Just throw a passing glance upon a hanging case of old novels in a country house, purchased twelve or fifteen years ago. What perishable goods! It will be strange if one of them betrays a solitary spark of vitality. If there be one it will probably be the most recent in date. The reputations of novelists are indeed as the monuments in a city graveyard—mounds destined to be levelled, stones defaced, broken, trodden underfoot. A few shards and tablets are protected, piled and crowded in a lonely corner, subsequently a few are saved and sheltered, eventually one enshrined. Who can doubt that this last will be the fate of Meredith? Many of his pages may be obscured and defaced. But scenes such as Dipwell Farm, Wilming Weir, Lucy and Richard by the lake, Beauchamp and René, Clara and Crossjay, Matey and Brownie—these, and how many others! will not perish but blossom anew to recall to new generations the primal purple of youth, the exaltation of generous aspiration, ardent endeavour, the renovation of hope.

Here is the noble quality which puts Meredith above the vicissitudes of novelists. The day a great man dies he is born again in a new and overpowering sense of personal bereavement among a section of his

contemporaries. This sensation, which in many of our time may have been associated with Queen Victoria, with Disraeli, with Gladstone, with R. L. Stevenson, or with A. C. Swinburne, was felt by men of every rank when Meredith died. I never saw him alive. I had not read him for years. But when he died I felt his death as a sudden, incalculable, personal distress. I spent a sunny day wandering in Richmond Park, deploring the link severed with the aristocratic era of letters, recalling the heroism of his achievement, meditating on the glories of his creation. The cloudland of his romance was glorified anew and was illuminated by setting suns.

From the greatest of living contemporaries, whose territories lay far apart from his own, a voice of mourning was raised, noble, penetrating, profound. Two great dynasties saluted each other then across the waste.

"He spoke as one afoot will wind
A morning horn ere men awake;
His note was trenchant, turning kind.
He was of those whose wit can shake. . . ."

A MEREDITH PRIMER.

By Maurice Buxton Forman.

IN the ordinary course of events it was inevitable that what had been done for Shakespeare and Shelley, for Browning and Sir Walter Scott, should be done also for George Meredith, and certainly, if such elementary instruction as is usually afforded by a primer is necessary in the case of Scott, it is absolutely essential to the student of Meredith. But it was not an easy task Dr. James Moffatt undertook* when he sat down "to tell, in the bare outline of a reporter's column, the exact course of the story and the precise facts of the narrative underlying each novel," for that is what he tells us in his preface he has attempted to do. To focus the events set forth in "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," or, to cite a still more difficult subject, to pose in due order of precedence the crowded figures which throng the pages of "Vittoria," would seem to call for something of the skill of a cinematographer. Yet Dr. Moffatt has dealt with his subjects with far greater discrimination than any mechanical process would allow. Saturated with Meredith he undoubtedly is, but he seems to have detached himself utterly from the people and events which he proposed briefly to describe, and, gazing at them with the half-closed eyes of an artist, "pour faire la comparaison," to have judged unerringly their relative importance. That, however, is not all. Coming nearer he deftly records the *leit-motif* of each book, touches in lightly the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*, and demonstrates the forces that influence their actions. This he does to each of the thirteen novels, to "The Shaving of Shagpat" and to the three short stories described by Mr. Barrie some twenty years ago as "the lost works of George Meredith," and he prefaces the whole with an introduction of sixty-five pages in which he expounds the ethics of his author, his attitude towards Nature (always with Meredith to be printed with a capital N), and the uses and application of "the Comic Spirit."

"He took his mother's hand and kissed it."
Drawn by L. Leslie Brooke.
From "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," by George Meredith. Library Edition. (Constable.)

One or two points already made by Dr. Moffatt in an interesting article contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* (July, 1905), entitled "Mr. Meredith on Religion," are repeated in this introduction. The personal element, which is usually made so much of because so little is actually known about Meredith's private life, is wisely compressed into two pages, and there is no idle speculation as to his worldly condition and the general circumstances in which each book was conceived and written. Dr. Moffatt finds in Walt Whitman an apt summary of Meredith's work: "I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect, or supply something polished and interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him *good heart* as a radical possession and habit." That sentence, says Dr. Moffatt, "sums up the drift of Meredith's prose as well as of his verse. There is not a whimper in it, not an atom of cowardice. He invigorates the reader while he amuses. And he does so, claiming to present the right order and use of life, because he has read Earth deep enough to see the

* "George Meredith: A Primer to the Novels." By James Moffatt. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

rose of the soul unfold itself bravely under the grey skies of evolutionary science. The novels testify to this conviction in grave, buoyant, and energetic prose."

Enough has been said to indicate the scheme of Dr. Moffatt's book. Of the success of that scheme it is not, perhaps, an easy matter for one who, like the schemer, is steeped in Meredith to judge. Suffice it to say that to none of his expositions can exception be taken, and assuredly it will be an invaluable aid to those to whom the work is dedicated, to wit, "any who desire to join 'that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences, and a fantastic delivery of the verities.'" Not only will it help them over the fence, to use the author's own expression, but it will show them round the grounds, drawing attention to the rare and beautiful flowers of thought and diction to be gathered. By full-fledged Meredithians peculiar interest will be found in the analogies which are traced between passages and ideas in the novels and passages in the poems.

By way of supplementing Dr. Moffatt's remarks upon the misconceptions which have beset "The Shaving of Shagpat," attention may be drawn to a note of Meredith's addressed to Dr. C. F. Pollock, of Glasgow, and dated from Box Hill, December 4, 1888, which was recently printed in the *Spectator*. In reply to an inquiry from Dr. Pollock, Meredith wrote: "The author's masquerade was assumed with occidental earnestness under an oriental gravity; but I fancy that he did incline to play with ideas behind it"; and that probably takes us about as near as we shall ever get to the truth. In the footnote on page 216 there is a curious slip, which those who have read "Vittoria" cannot fail to remark. Referring to the duels throughout the novels, the author says, "Meredith often discusses them, but he never describes them." Surely Dr. Moffatt cannot have forgotten the duel in the Stelvio pass between Captain Weisspriess and Angelo Guidascarpi? If he has, there is a treat awaiting him, and he deserves some such reward for the admirable manner in which he has accomplished his task.

New Books.

FIELDING.*

The reading public may be divided into those who like and those who dislike biography. It may also be divided into those who approve and those who disapprove of biography. The attitude of the last section is not easy to understand. No one whose opinion matters wants a "Life" of a nonentity, and it may confidently be said all are agreed that the writers who fill two volumes with the sayings and doings of mediocre colonial governors and undistinguished politicians might well turn their energies to more useful ends. But when the subject is a man or woman of undoubted eminence, an attitude of disapproval seems difficult to support. "When a man has exercised a large influence on the minds of his contemporaries, the world requires to know whether his own actions have corresponded with his teaching, or whether his moral and personal character entitled him to confidence. This is not idle curiosity: it is a legitimate demand." Thus says Froude in the preface to his biography of Carlyle; but this point of view is not sound, for it is not to be denied that good teaching has come, and doubtless will come again and again, from men whose personal character cannot bear close investigation. A moral lesson is not less valuable coming from a bad man than from a good man.

Thackeray estimated the value of biography more justly. "We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge," he wrote in a "Roundabout Paper." "We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, or given us hours of pleasant companionship and pleasant thought." This is to some extent, it must be admitted, an admission that biography is not a legitimate demand, but is inspired by curiosity. The biography of a great-hearted man such as Lord Shaftesbury may do good by affecting those who

From a print published in 1826.

Sharpham House, Somerset.
Showing the room in which Fielding was born.
From "Henry Fielding: A Memoir," by G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low & Co.)

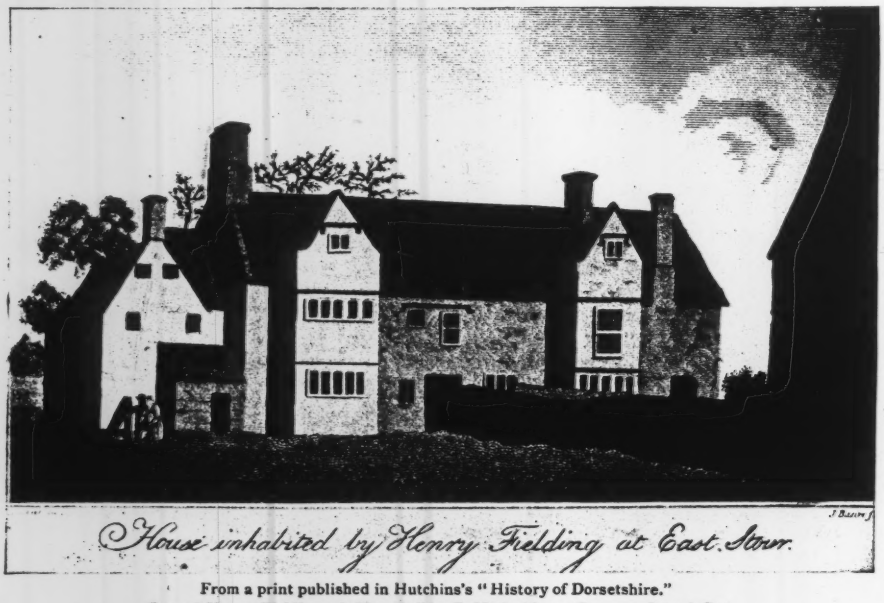
* "Henry Fielding: A Memoir." Including newly discovered Letters and Records, with Illustrations from Contemporary Prints. By G. M. Godden. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

read it and turning their thoughts to philanthropy; but there is nothing in this department of literature so fascinating as the "Life" of a great novelist. The value of the record of the career of the man of affairs is usually in the light it throws upon the affairs rather than upon the man; of the artist in the light it throws upon his work. This is especially the case with the novelist. To quote Thackeray again: "If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!" And if it can make dull tales interesting, how vastly more attractive it makes the great books! The close connection between Thackeray and his works is generally admitted; and not less close is the connection in the case of Fielding.

Fielding has been more fortunate than any novelist of his period in that his biographer is Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom there is no more delightful or more learned writer on eighteenth-century men of letters. To follow a standard work is a daring experiment, and it must have brought into play all Mr. Godden's courage, even though he was so happy as to enlist Mr. Dobson's "unfailing counsel and assistance." "New material alone could justify any attempt to supplement the 'Fielding' of Mr. Austin Dobson," Mr. Godden says very properly; and he tells us that his new material includes "records of Fielding's childhood; documents concerning his estate in Dorsetshire; the date and place, hitherto undiscovered, of . . . the death of his beloved wife; . . . many extracts from the columns of the daily press of the period," etc. These things are interesting, but in this case, as a perusal of the book shows, scarcely of sufficient importance in themselves to justify the publication of a new biographical work. Mr. Godden has devoted much labour to his investigations, but he lacks discrimination, and does not make the best use of his discoveries. He seems unable to distinguish the essential from the unessential, and also in some other respects does not seem well equipped for the task he has undertaken. Here and there he shows a strange lack of judgment. In support of his statement that Fielding "throughout all the vicissitudes of his life was ever a man of breeding, no less than a man of wit," he very rightly brings forward the evidence of one of the novelist's contemporaries; but he proceeds to find further support in the evidence of Thackeray! "A similar recognition," he says, "comes from the hand of a great, and not too friendly critic, Thackeray," whom he quotes. Now what, in the name of Truth, is the use of adducing, on such a matter, the testimony of a man who was born sixty years after the death of the other? This point need not be laboured; but it is impossible to pass over Mr. Godden's curious blunder in speaking of Thackeray as "a not too friendly critic" of Fielding. It is not too much to say that Thackeray loved the man, and bowed low before the author; he modelled his works upon those of his great predecessor, and paid his genius a very happy compliment. "My English would have been better," he said, "if I had read Fielding when I was ten years old." But Thackeray could see faults in Fielding; and that Mr. Godden will not tolerate. The biography in which the writer shows no partiality is generally a poor piece of work, for sympathy is the very essence of understanding; but there are limits to hero-worship, or, at least, there should be. Mr. Godden, however, will not have any spots on his sun. He declines to believe that Fielding was a dissipated young man. "As regards Murphy's general assertion that, at this his entrance into life, young Fielding 'launched wildly into a career of dissipation,' no other reputable contemporary evidence is discoverable of the 'wildness' popularly attributed to Fielding," he writes. "That his youth was headlong and undisciplined is a plausible surmise; but justice demands that the charge be recognised as a surmise and nothing more." This is audacious. After all, Murphy, though twenty years Fielding's junior, knew him well, and was acquainted with a score of men who had been boon companions of the novelist in his youth; but, indeed, a perusal of "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" would convince most people that the author had played his part in the under-life of the metropolis. It is most likely, however, that Mr. Godden is regarding dissipation as the pleasures only indulged in by the vile, and that Fielding was not vile all are agreed. But to say that an eighteenth-century young man about town, with such a character as Fielding, and exposed to boot to the seductions of the stage of that day, was not dissipated—as well say he was a Quaker! Even Fielding himself, remembering the transgressions of his earlier days, wrote that he pretended "to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship."

This is but one of several instances of Mr. Godden's mistaken hero-worship. When as a result of the production of the "Historical Register" Walpole introduced the dramatic censorship, Mr. Godden, who sees nothing objectionable in the gross caricature of the statesman, is only surprised that the result of Fielding's play was "the subjugation, not, alas! of the Ministry, but of the liberty of the stage." When Walpole fell, Mr. Godden, assuming wrongly that this was largely due to Fielding's attack, rejoices that "the 'Colossos' of popular broadsheets under whose feet England had laid for exactly thirty years, received his final defeat."

Mr. Godden remarks that "Fielding in his habit, as he lived, is for ever eluding us. His tall figure vanishes behind the prolific playwright, the exuberant politician, the truculent journalist, the indefatigable magistrate, the great creative genius." Having read the memoir under consideration very carefully,



From a print published in Hutchins's "History of Dorsetshire."
From "Henry Fielding: A Memoir," by G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low & Co.)

Henry Fielding reading at the Bedford Arms.
From the frontispiece to "Sir John Fielding's Jests."
From "Henry Fielding: A Memoir," by G. M. Godden. (Sampson Low & Co.)

we have put it down without having by a jot or tittle increased our knowledge of the great man. Fielding's character seems entirely to have escaped Mr. Godden, though, indeed, it must be confessed we have few opportunities of learning what he thinks, for, carrying unobtrusiveness too far, he is reluctant to express his own opinions, and prefers to give us the views of Murphy or Thackeray, Mr. Dobson or Mr. Gosse. When Mr. Godden does see Fielding, he sees him wrong; as the peddling journalist, the lampooner of Walpole, the indifferent playwright—though Mr. Godden gives but little indication of the poor quality of most of the plays—the hard-working, well-meaning magistrate. If it were possible to find some one who had never heard of Fielding and give him this book to read, it is long odds that he would rise from the perusal of it without realising that it was a memoir of the greatest English novelist.

The newly discovered letters, which are the *raison d'être* of this book, and which the author tells us add "to our knowledge of Fielding's energies in social and legislative reform, and of the circumstances of his life," are sadly disappointing. Of the nine letters, six are printed for the first time in book-form. In one of these Fielding recommends a constable for the post of prison governor; with another (to the Lord Chancellor) he sends a copy of his Charge to the Grand Jury, and his draft of a bill "for the preventing of Street Robberies," and he recommends some one as a possible J.P.; two others concern a case that came before him as magistrate; the fifth recommends another gentleman to be put on the Commission of the Peace; and the last, to George Lyttelton, puts forward Edward Moore as a candidate for the Laureateship. All that we can gather is that Fielding was a good friend—and that we knew before. Not one of the letters has any special literary quality or interest—such as the well-known letter written to his brother John from "Off Ryde" on the journey to Lisbon.

Mr. Godden, it has been said, finds that Fielding's character escapes him. Yet surely if ever there was a man whose character all who run may read, Fielding was the man. It is written in indelible ink in his novels: and no one has any right to put forward a memoir of this author who cannot—other and more direct evidence not being forthcoming—reconstruct the man from his writings. In Fielding's every chapter may be discerned his hatred of hypocrisy, his reverence for innocence, his respect for womanhood, his bravery, his tenderness, and his generosity: in their several ways Blifil, Thwackum, Booth, Tom Jones, Parson Adams, Allworthy, Squire Western, Sophia, and sweet Amelia are so many testimonies to the noble mind of their creator. He had his faults, grievous faults.

"I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding," said Thackeray in one of the Lectures on the English Humorists. "Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of paraphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings; in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work."

The passage is long, but no apology is needed for printing it, because it contains the most illuminating criticism of the author of "Tom Jones" that has ever been written. Fielding's faults were as obvious as his virtues; but he told the truth as he saw it, and so wide was his experience of life, and so deep his insight into character, that probably he saw it as clearly as any man born of woman may hope to do.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

ANTHOLOGIES.*

The anthology is of divers kind. There is the purely personal gathering, which may be, implicitly, a fine piece of criticism, like "The Open Road." There is the representative selection, either of a whole literature, like "The Oxford Book of English Verse," or of one epoch or aspect, like Professor Saintsbury's "Seventeenth-Century Lyrics." Then there is the anthology of some particular theme.

From a purely artistic point of view, this last has an obvious limitation. Its contents are conditioned by

* "The Book of Cupid." With Illustrations by the Lady Hylton and an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Oxford Garland." By Oona H. Ball. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Book of Friendship." By Arthur Ransome. 6s. net. (Jack.)—"Good Company: A Rally of Men." By E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen.)—"Women as Letter Writers." By Ada M. Ingpen. 5s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Life and the Great Forever." By E. Chesney. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"By Divers Paths: The Note-Book of Seven Wayfarers." 3s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock.)

subject rather than by intrinsic excellence. Also, unless the theme is a broad one—like love or death—the continued harping on one string tends to become monotonous. This is the main fault to find with "The Book of Cupid," who, as Mr. Newbolt says, is only an occasional visitant to our shores. There are many charming things in the book, but with the exception of a few translations from Moschus and Meleager, some Chaucer and half a dozen modern poems, the selection has necessarily been made almost entirely from the Elizabethan, Caroline and Restoration lyrists. The "boy," who rhymes so prettily with "joy" and "toy" (and whom the Lady Hylton has depicted), has little in common with the Eros of Greece. (Moschus and Meleager were of the decadence which had fallen far from the austerity and passion of the great days.) If the compilers had set a certain beautiful and terrible chorus of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray, which my pen itches to quote, at one end, and a few sentences from "De Flagello Myrteo" at the other, they would have added to the value and variety of a book which already contains sonnets of Shakespeare, Blake's lovely "How sweet I roamed from field to field," and the sudden splendour of Sedley's "Love still has something of the sea."

Lack of variety is not a fault of either Miss Oona Ball's "Oxford Garland" or of Mr. Arthur Ransome's "Book of Friendship." The first, which contains familiar and welcome things from Arnold and Ruskin and Morris, ranges from Erasmus (quoted in the original Latin) to Miss Elsa Lorraine, who is presumably the university's newest panegyrist; while it is sufficiently catholic to include the immortal words of Baedeker—an inclusion which suggests a Tolstoyan attitude. An interesting feature is the number of quotations from French authors, for whom Oxford has always had a peculiar fascination. Nothing could well be more charming or appropriate than the get-up of "The Oxford Garland."

Not meant for the pocket is "The Book of Friendship." It is a burly book, printed in fine black type, a comfortable book, containing comfortable words. Its contents have been gathered from the east and from the west and from all the centuries. It is no mere scrap-book, neither. You may read in it "Lycidas," "Adonais" and "Thyrsis," all complete, and whole essays of Cicero, Montaigne and Bacon, Johnson, Hazlitt and Emerson. The good things that men have said about friendship from Koheleth to Sturge Moore are here. Scarcely a page is not fine literature, and it is pleasant to see living men bearing themselves worthily in such company. One may, of course, regret the omission of some personal favourite. I, for instance, would like to have found one of Swinburne's magnanimous dedications and Henley's brave lines to Charles Baxster. But it were churlish to carp at such a feast.

In his latest compilation, "Good Company," Mr. E. V. Lucas, the indefatigable arch-anthologist, has gathered together a number of pen-portraits by men who have loved their fellows. The idea is very characteristic of Mr. Lucas's humanity, and that several of the pictures bear the signature E. V. L. is by no means a demerit.

Better company still, however, is, to my mind, provided by Mrs. Ingpen, who has made a selection of letters written by women from Margaret Paston to Christina Rossetti. I do not know what are Mrs. Ingpen's views about the enfranchisement of her sex, but she has put forth a most eloquent plea in its favour. To scarcely a name in her list of contents could be applied the epithet of greatness, which belongs to fewer men than masculine vanity will always admit. Yet there is so much wit and wisdom in these letters, such a variety of interest, such honesty and grasp, that if THE BOOKMAN were not a dispassionately literary journal, I should wax indignant.

The nature of "Life and the Great Forever" is explained by its sub-title, "Daily Readings in Prose and Verse." The selection, though for the most part from devotional or at least contemplative writers, shows wide reading and a catholic taste.

All these books, though owing much to the individuality of their makers, cannot, after all, claim to be called original works. "By Divers Paths" stands in that higher category. Nominally "the note-book of seven wayfarers," six of the contributors play but a minor part. Practically the whole is the work of Miss Annie Matheson, who is responsible for the scheme of the book. Taking the names of the months for headings, under each she has grouped a varying number of short essays, appropriate in theme and colour. The months are divided from one another by poems. It is a quiet book, full of green ways, as its name suggests, and gentle breezes and simple country things. Miss Matheson writes with grace and no little humour on birds and flowers, poets and mortals. A note of faith and optimism runs through all she says. Whitman and Browning are the poets she loves to quote. "London Snowdrops," "Mrs. Browning's Month," "Neighbouring Gardens," "The Dead Wayfarer," are the titles of some of the papers in a book which all who love such things and like to wander for a time away from the world of the motor-bus will read with real pleasure.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE MAN SHAKESPEARE.*

This book is, in the judgment of its author, a great, or rather a unique one. He does not, he says, "wish to rail" at previous commentators on Shakespeare by talking, in the words of Carlyle, about "libraries of inanities . . . conceited dilettantism . . . and prurient stupidity," but in the next sentence he states, with a fine incoherence, that "he has found in them all this and worse." "Without a single exception," it seems, "the commentators have all missed the man and his story." Or rather there is "one exception," for Ben Jonson's view of Shakespeare is sound "as far as it goes," while Goethe and Coleridge saw him "by glimpses," though "alas, Coleridge, a Puritan born, was brought up in epicene hypocrisies . . . and mis-saw him far oftener than he saw him," and Mr. Harris now for the first time presents us with a true portrait of the man as he was. But as a "student-artist" of to-day, of "the twentieth-century with its X-rays that enable us to see through the flesh and skin of men, and to study the working of their organs and muscles and nerves," he is not content "with the outward presentment and form." His purpose is "to lay bare, as with a scalpel, the hidden motives and springs of action," and then, when the scalpel has done its work, "to re-create a man and make him live and love again for the reader, just as the biologist from a few scattered bones can reconstruct some prehistoric fish or mammal," and although the difference between "reconstructing" the skeleton of a mammal and "re-creating" the mind of Shakespeare may seem somewhat great, none the less, if Mr. Harris can only accomplish his task, no one, perhaps, should be critical about his analogies.

Almost superhuman, however, as that task is, his method of dealing with it is simplicity itself. He assumes as historic fact that Lord Herbert, to whom the earlier sonnets are addressed, was asked by Shakespeare to plead his love-suit with Mistress Mary Fitton, the "dark lady" of the later sonnets, that he betrayed his friend, and that this is the tragedy of the poet's life, who indeed "owes the greater part of his renown to Mary Fitton." He also assumes that from the beginning of his career Shakespeare's "chief aim" in writing plays was "to reveal and realise himself"—for one of his qualities was "inordinate vanity"—so that, by placing the plays in chronological order, we

* "The Man Shakespeare, and his Tragic Life-Story." By Frank Harris. 7s. 6d. (Frank Palmer.)

can see how Shakespeare "painted himself at full-length, not once, but twenty times, at as many different periods of his life." "Hamlet," of course, is one of the finest of the series, and incidentally it may be noted that, as Hamlet was "fat," so Shakespeare was "probably podgy," though in an "æsthete-philosopher-poet" (p. 57) this fact is to be regretted. But "Macbeth" is almost equally fine, for "the rugged Macbeth," as Hazlitt foolishly terms him, is really "our gentle, irresolute, humanist Hamlet masquerading in galligaskins as a Scottish thane." Then, too, the poet is Romeo, Jacques, the Duke in "Measure for Measure," Posthumus, Biron, Valentine, Prospero, Othello, Antonio, "who is Shakespeare himself," and even Marcus Brutus, who is "an ideal portrait." Nor can it be denied that Mr. Harris shows with singular ability that all these characters frequently use language which seems to come from the poet's life rather than from their own, and is at times even inconsistent with their situation. It could indeed hardly be otherwise, for every dramatist must infuse something of his own mind into the creations of his fancy, and when Mr. Harris is content to illustrate certain moods of thought which recur again and again in the plays, he proves himself an interesting and instructive writer. We all love, as we read Shakespeare, to form as it were some image of him in our own minds, and we welcome any comment which makes that image more real and intelligible, but we recognise also that it must at best be only shadowy and indefinite. The inexhaustible variety of the poet's thought eludes all efforts at exact delineation. His characters we see and know, distinct in their marvellous diversity, but of "the man Shakespeare" we only catch fitful and uncertain glimpses, so that when Mr. Harris speaks of "fathoming the idiosyncrasies of his being" we start back with an instinctive and immediate recoil. Are then the depths of any man's being so easy to sound that Mr. Harris will "fathom" Shakespeare's? And who could trust him to take the measure even of a puddle when, as the result of his present researches, he reports that Shakespeare was "a neuropath" and "a snob"? One's very pen almost refuses to write the words in such a connection, but Mr. Harris has no timidity. "English snobbishness," "snobbishness heightened to flunkeyism," "inconceivable snobbishness," "obsequious flunkeyism," "ungovernable sensuality," "overpowering sensuality," and even "erotic mania"—these are the qualities assigned to William Shakespeare. Why he was "a snob" those who choose must inquire for themselves, but on the charge of "sensuality" a word at least must be spoken, for whatever other qualities Mr. Harris may possess, no healthy mind can accept his verdict on any question of morals, and a single proof will be conclusive. The passage beginning,

> "Look here, upon this picture, and on this,"

in which Hamlet reproaches his mother, is known to every one. Its language is the language of honest human nature outraged beyond endurance in its holiest and best feelings. But to Mr. Harris it is nothing of the kind. Its "passionate intensity" is to him "wholly inexplicable," unless "Hamlet-Shakespeare" has identified the Queen with Miss Fitton and is inveighing against "Miss Fitton's faithlessness." For "why," we are asked, "did Hamlet hate his mother's treachery?" "Most men," we are assured, "would hardly have condemned it," and, our author adds, "if any one can imagine that this is the way a son thinks of a mother's slip, he is past my persuading." Such is the new morality, the morality of "an age when conscience with its prohibitions is fading out of life," and it may well make us pause before we accept the new criticism of the "student-artist." Only when we have unlearned the Ten Commandments, and got rid of conscience, which is now (p. xvi) "evolving into a more profound consciousness of ourselves and others," shall we be able to welcome the criticism which declares that the "rarest spirit" which ever adorned humanity was housed in the body of a brute.

T. E. PAGE.

THE DIVINE WORKER.*

In any work from the pen of the venerable ex-Principal of Westminster College, we expect to find clear, well-ordered thought expressed in graceful, stately language. In this book he deals with a large subject, which has exercised many minds, on which much has been written, and concerning which little that is new can be said at present. Such apologetic works suffer from an inevitable want of finality, as new discoveries in science may alter the standpoint from which we view the relations of the physical to the spiritual.

Within the last half-century, the outlook on Nature has completely changed, and the old apologetic has become quite outworn. It is therefore desirable that it should be provisionally reconsidered and re-stated. There is, however, a tentative element in any such pronouncement, for it has happened in the past and may happen in the future that when we seem approaching the dead wall of the unknowable, some unexpected discovery opens a vista along which further advance may be made.

Principal Dykes writes with a keen appreciation of these difficulties, and gives us here the results of his wide range of reading, and his cautious and prudent judgment. On the one hand he recognises that Nature, as at present known, can only be understood in the light of evolution: and on the other hand he concedes that historical and philological criticism have altered the received views with regard to that other foundation of opinion, the statements in the older writings of the Bible; that here also we have not arrived at finality, but have learned enough to know that certain dogmata as to creation, formerly regarded as essential parts of the Christian faith, have no right to be considered in that light. On such subjects it is of the deepest interest to have the mature exposition of one of the foremost authorities on the conservative side of British theologians. The outcome of his study is that, besides the doctrines of the Deity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, all else should be relegated to the domain of Natural Religion, becoming, therefore, fit subjects for investigations by the methods of science. This spirit of the book is expressed by him thus:

> "It may be premature, and therefore unwise, to essay a blend or syncretism of what religion teaches regarding creation in its relations to the Divine, either with science on the one hand . . . or on the other with the speculative attempts of thinkers to reach the ultimate reality in which thought and being are one—although that ultimate reality may be indistinguishable from what divines call God. For, if the results of all three are ever to be harmonised, that is most likely to be achieved by suffering each to work independently along its own line: philosophy by the intuitions of the reason of science by observation of nature and experiments upon it, theology by the experiences of the devout life. . . . The theologian ought to have no preconceptions, but be willing with an open mind to learn from science all that it discovers about the mechanism of the universe, its past transformations, and its present working."

Being essentially a theologian, Dr. Dykes occasionally diverges into lines of thought into which science cannot enter, as in the speculation as to the relationships of the Divine Personality in the pre-creational periods, and the inter-occupation of the Persons of the Trinity. When dealing with the scientific portion of his subject, he, as one confessedly not an expert, walks warily, and wisely avoids unnecessary detail; confining himself to those established general principles which are germane to the questions with which he deals.

* "The Divine Worker in Creation and Providence." The 21st Series of Cunningham Lectures. By J. Oswald Dykes, M.A., D.D. 6s. net. (T. & T. Clark.)

It is part, though not an essential, of his contention that the advent of life and the origin of mind were two unbridgeable chasms in the evolution cycle, which, like the initial starting of the process, required direct Divine interposition. This certainly accords with what is actually known to-day; but it is dangerous to lay too much stress on our present ignorance, and it would be in the last degree rash to say that the existence of such evolutionary bridges is impossible. Dr. Dykes is conscious of this, and while he believes in the direct interposition of creative power at these points, he does not consider that his fundamental position would be upset were it proved that the evolutional process had been continuous.

In the later sections, on the superiority of man (where, perhaps, too much is made of physical superiority and of the want of the missing link), on the soul (where, after discussing traducianism, he adopts, though with diffidence, the creational theory), and on the various departments of Providence, Dr. Dykes's argument is carried on with caution and reverence, and every sentence deserves careful attention. The sections on "The Pangs of Nature" and "The Problem of Providence" are especially suggestive.

My name is mentioned in the preface, but, except that I had the great pleasure of reading the sheets carefully through just before publication, and that I believe I suggested the change of one quite unimportant word, I have had no part in it by suggestion or otherwise. By a curious coincidence I had selected a subject germane to a portion of Dr. Dykes's theme for a lecture which I had promised to deliver in October. That lecture was finished before I received the sheets of the book, and on reading these I was at once dismayed and encouraged to find that the line of thought which I had independently worked out in my lecture was in some points identical with that which Dr. Dykes had set forth. But he has dealt with these with the power of a master, and treated them with a philosophic touch and literary skill to which I cannot lay claim.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

GARRYOWEN.*

Garryowen was a racehorse whose owner, Michael French, was heavily in debt. The horse was entered for the City and Suburban, and as he was unknown to the racing public, his owner was able to back him at long odds. In fact, French stood to win a small fortune if the horse won, with the certainty of bankruptcy if he lost. Unfortunately, French had borrowed a large sum which fell due a fortnight before the race, and as the bill could neither be met nor renewed, Garryowen stood a good chance of being seized, which would apparently have made his entry void. French therefore decided that there was nothing to be done but to hide the horse till the race. Hiding a racehorse is not a simple matter, and the bulk of the story deals with the manœuvres of French to outwit the moneylender, aided by his daughter's pretty and resourceful governess and her sporting but impecunious lover. A sporting story of this kind needs to be told at a rattling pace, and though the money-lender strikes us as a singularly ineffectual Shylock, Mr. Stacpoole is too wary to allow the reader much time to note the improbability of the plot. "Garryowen" has one enormous advantage over most sporting stories; it has no technical jargon, and the veriest layman could read it without feeling that he was missing any of its meaning.

Sporting stories have not as a rule much value from a merely literary point of view, but "Garryowen" is an exception. Mr. Stacpoole is an artist in words, and the gift of word-painting which he used to such advantage in

* "Garryowen." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

the descriptions in "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Pools of Silence" finds full scope in his pictures of the sea on the west coast of Ireland, where the scene of the first half of the story is laid. Some of the descriptive passages are really fine work, so fine, indeed, as to seem almost out of place in a comedy occasionally bordering on farce. The Irish part of the book is much the better. Mr. Stacpoole knows Ireland well, and writes of it with more detachment than is usual in Irish writers, except for a vigorous and quite justifiable tirade against cattle-driving. He has a keen sense of character, and the ever-resourceful Moriarty and the imperturbable Andy are capital character-sketches. Bobby Dashwood, too, is a most engaging person, of whom Mr. Stacpoole says, "the deficiencies of Mr. Dashwood would have furnished out half a dozen young men well equipped for failure in business, and that is why, I suppose, he managed to make such a success of life." But best of all is the central figure, Michael French, an indomitable humorist, battling with undefeated cheerfulness against financial embarrassments which would have crushed a less buoyant temperament. Being in debt seems the normal state of the Irish; they positively thrive on it. In short, "Garryowen" is a sprightly, irresponsible, and entertaining extravagance with plenty of racy dialogue, much shrewd comment, and some admirable descriptive writing. It is decidedly one of the most amusing books of the season, and in craftsmanship far superior to most stories of its kind.

THE AUTHORESS OF "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."*

To any one who in childhood has shed tears (and what girl-child has not?) over the vicissitudes of Ellen Montgomery in "The Wide, Wide World," this biography of Susan Warner, the writer, will come as a volume of friendship.

* "Susan Warner ('Elizabeth Wetherell')." By Anna B. Warner. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Wide, Wide World" is a children's classic, a roomy story instinct with tenderness, shrewd observation, and the homely details which children love. And if, in the present day, the grown person finds a certain stiffness in some of the phrasing, and a certain priggishness in the character of "Mr. John," the full-grown hero, the child will notice nothing of this as she follows the fortunes of the lonely little girl, parted from her mother, and sent to live with an ungenial aunt in the depths of American country. Under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell" Susan Warner wrote, also, "Queechey," "Say and Seal," "Daisy," "Daisy in the Field," and many another story beloved by girls; and in this biography her sister, Anna Warner, by diaries, letters, and by her own weaving when the thread of narrative breaks, shows us the interesting and beautiful life of her sister, from infancy till the end—a life of joy and trials, of poverty and care, and fine development of character. It was in 1848, when Susan Warner was about twenty-eight or nine years of age, that the idea of writing "The Wide, Wide World" first came to her. At this time the little family—father, aunt, and the two sisters—were sorely in need of money; lawsuits had crippled the resources of the father, and made life hard and full of privations for them all. Then on one March evening:

"Tea was over in what we still call 'the old room'; and my Aunt Fanny stood washing up the cups and saucers, while my sister was near by, towel in hand. . . . The room was very still and full of thoughts. Then Aunt Fanny spoke. 'Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story.' . . . My sister made no answer. But as she finished wiping the dishes, and went back and forth to put them away, the first dim, far-off notion of 'The Wide, Wide World' came into her head. Very misty at first, very brief; hardly going beyond the one thought of a desolate child tossed out upon the world; but I think the opening words were written that night."

More than a year was spent in the creation of this story, and when it was finished the world of publishers was cold to it. From publishing house after publishing house the MS. was returned, one firm, indeed, giving the sensitive author an unnecessary stab by writing "Fudge" across its page. But at length it was placed in the hands of Mr. Putnam, and fell by happy chance into the hands of this publisher's mother. "See if it is worth publishing," he said, and for answer she announced before long, "If you never publish another book, publish this." The pages of this biography are pages which will touch the deep feelings of many a reader. "We are so near being in want," writes Susan in her diary, "we should have been suffering long ago, but for Anna's earnings. And now we are almost out of both kinds of sugar and of candles—we shall be out before father gets home from New York."

Of Anna Warner, the biographer, the general reader will feel he gets too little in these pages, but Anna Warner herself, as "Amy Lothrop," wrote one of the most charming books for little children ever penned, "Mr. Rutherford's Children," and to all who have had the good fortune to possess it in early years, the childhood of these two devoted sisters will be clear as day. There is an irresistible appeal in the story of their lives. The only poignant question which we ask after reading this biography is—why did these two brave women, these writers of stories of world-wide popularity, have to bear poverty, hardship, privation, and over-toil, which broke down health and sometimes spirit, when thousands of persons were eager for their numerous books? To the uninitiated it seems as if by rights the record should have shown them as rich women long before the last chapter of this book was reached.

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

A JAPANESE POET.*

Mr. Noguchi insisted on his nationality when, in publishing a brown paper pamphlet seven years ago from a boarding-house in the Brixton Road, he described himself on the title-page as "Yone Noguchi (Japanese)." There is no need for such insistence in this book. It is printed on silvered rice-paper by the Valley Press in Kamakura, and its two slim volumes are held together in a small blue-cloth folding-case that fastens with ivory pegs. Its frontispiece is a reproduction of one of Utamaru's colour prints. No setting could be daintier, more Japanese, or better in keeping with the poetry it contains.

That poetry is of a kind rare in English literature. Its theory is that of the French symbolists, for whom it is a new inspiration, and that of the Japanese writers of *hokku*, for whom it is as old and sure as poetry itself. There are some translations of *hokku* in "The Pilgrimage," and one of them will show how different is their principle from that of most of our poetry; or, how much further towards a logical conclusion do they carry principles that all poetry must recognise:

"My Love's lengthened hair
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate:
Lo, Evening's shadow."

That is all. Perhaps the difference between this poetry and most poetry may be clearly put in saying that it more consciously writes its poem in its reader's mind. It is never explicit. For it, to be explicit is to be dead. It does not describe a scented room; but is itself the fragment of incense whose mounting smoke will turn the room to poetry.

Noguchi's poems are like that. In reading them I am not conscious of reading verse. Instead it is as if I were sharing with him the cherry-blossom falling in the mist, the bird's cry, the quick motif of rippling stream; whatever it is that has harked or waked his mood, or been waken by it. In his verse the cherry-blossom falls again for some one else, and a new poem is written in a new collaboration. With the writing of this new poem Noguchi would interfere as little as he can. He moves among his incantations (for that is no incorrect description of his poetry) like a wisp of thin smoke, seeking to veil itself. The smoke from a pipe in a still summer pinewood is not more delicately elusive, and it is perhaps this frailty of personal presence that makes his world seem but the soap-bubble of a moment floating, floating, ready at a touch to furl its colours into nothingness.

Something of his method may be seen from "The Temple Bell":

"Trembling in its thousand ages,
Dark as its faith,
It wails, hunting me,
(It's a long time since I lost my faith,)
Up through the silence with a scorn,
Heavy but not unkind,
Out of the dusk of the temple and night
Into my heart of dusk,
Hushed after my song of cities played,
Weary and grey in thought.
My heart replies to the sound of the bell,
Slow-bosomed in sadness and faith,
With my memory rising from dusts.
Namu amida butsu! Namu amida butsu!"

And there is another poem, "The New Art," not one of the best, that may almost be taken as a description of the book:

"She is an art (let me call her so)
Hung as a web, in the air of perfume,
Soft yet vivid, she sways in music:
(But what sadness in her saturation of life!)
Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies;
To her, suggestion is her life.
She left behind the quest of beauty and dream:
Is her own self not the song of dream and beauty itself?
(I know she is tired of ideal and problem and talk.)
She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment;
She is a creature of surprise (let me say so),
Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.
What an elf of light and shadow!
What a flash of tragedy and beauty!"

* "The Pilgrimage." By Yone Noguchi. 8s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

But single quotations do not fairly illustrate those books that are meant for fingering leaf by leaf, backwards and forwards. They are like single notes from a harmony.

Noguchi writes an English that is new and surprising to us because it is new to him. Sometimes he slips, but usually because we have spoilt some word or other by an irreverent use of it with which he is not familiar. Sometimes, too, his gravity is shaken for us by some accident of humour, as when, unschooled by tradition into condemnation of what may after all be quite beautiful, he writes "To O Suzu Chan the Puss":

"The voice of a night of hush,
(Is it the silver thrill of a star?)
The voice of the depth of love,
(Is it the falling note of a rose's petal?)
I hear in thy throat, O Suzu Chan, the very string
The musicians lost in the dusts of age;
O the voice of the fairies of dance
Beckoning to the wind of sorrow!
O the voice of joy turned to pain!"

But such misfortunes are few: and are unnoticeable in the consistent mood of poetry that fills the book. It may be too consistently poetical to be great poetry: it is certainly a poetry that is not easily forgotten, and a poetry to which it is delightful to return.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

THOMAS HARDY'S POEMS.*

There are innumerable definitions of poetry, but none that covers it. It is everywhere, and takes so many forms that it easily eludes every attempt to imprison it in a phrase, and

"still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes."

It is "the best words in the best order," but it is a good deal more than that; nor have you uttered the last word about it when you have said, with Shelley, it "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar things be as if they were not familiar." It is the essential spirit of youth, and therefore poets die young; even with such as Tennyson and Browning, it is merely the man that grows old and not the poet; for without youth there is no dreaming, and without dreams there is no rapture, no hope, no seeing the budding morrow at midnight, no life at all of the spirit.

Yet there is certainly also a poetry that has no youth in it; an authentic poetry that, so far from making familiar things as if they were not familiar, is at its highest when it most faithfully brings their familiarity home to us. This is a sort of poetry of middle age, that has lost faith in the visions and ideals of youth, and can find inspiration only in harsh matters of fact. Crabbe was one such middle-aged poet; he saw life steadily, but he never saw more than half of it; too often he saw but clouds where Wordsworth saw also the rainbow; things evil where Shakespeare saw also the soul of goodness that was in them. But Crabbe was an exception; no poet before him has been so consistently one-sided, has written so almost exclusively of the gloom and sordid griefs of humanity, and none since, except Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has much in common with him. Both are at their best when narrating the squalid tragedies of rural life; you might justly say of Mr. Hardy, as Hazlitt said of Crabbe: "His Muse is not one of the Daughters of Memory, but the old, toothless, mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood . . . she is a circumstantial old lady, communicative, scrupulous, leaving nothing to the imagination, harping on the smallest grievances, a village oracle and critic, most veritable, most identical, bringing us acquainted with persons and things just as they chanced to exist, and giving us a local interest in all she knows and tells."

But Mr. Hardy is a greater poet than Crabbe; he has a richer imagination, a profounder insight, a higher dramatic power, a far subtler and wider mastery of expression, though he rigorously limits himself to the same drab, unlovely phases of rural experience. Most of his ballads and lyrics go to reveal, realistically, vividly, and with grim imaginative pity,

"That the vows of man and maid are flimsy, frail, and insincere."

"The Revisitation" tells how a man returns from many years of soldiering abroad, and whilst he lingers musing after sunset at a well-remembered trysting-place, the woman he had loved comes and finds him there; they sit and talk together through the night, and she falls asleep; but when the day dawns, he can see she has lost her beauty and become faded and old, and reading his thoughts in his looks, she reproaches him bitterly and leaves him, and he lets her go, for—

"Love is lame at fifty years."

"A Trampwoman's Tragedy" is of a woman and two men: the favoured lover, being capriciously thrown over, murders the other, and the woman is left desolate. "A Sunday Morning Tragedy" is of a mother who accidentally poisons her daughter in trying to save her from shame. In "The Two Rosalinds" one goes to a theatre, and seeing a young actress in the part of Rosalind, compares her with the lovelier girl he saw acting Rosalind there when he was young, and quitting the theatre in disgust, discovers that Rosalind of his youth in the hideous hag who is selling the book of the play in the doorway. "The Flirt's Tragedy," "One Ralph Blossom Soliloquises," "News for her Mother," "The Husband's View," "Julie-Jane," "The Rash Bride," "The Christening"—all deal with the weaker or baser side of human character, and the meanness, wretchedness, and immorality, or non-morality, of the countryside. These are the book's prevailing themes, and its outlook is one of unrelieved pessimism. You have Mr. Hardy's philosophy compressed into the last verse of "He Abjures Love":

"I speak as one who plumbs
Life's dim profound,
One who at length can sound
Clear views and certain.
But—after love what comes?
A scene that lours
A few sad, vacant hours,
And then, the Curtain."

He believes that all went well "before the birth of consciousness":

"But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
Ere niescence shall be reaffirmed
How long, how long?"

There is no morning ecstasy in his lines; no pleasure in the present, and no hope in the future:

"The tones around me that I hear,
The aspects, meanings, shapes I see,
Are those far back ones missed when near,
And now perceived too late by me."

And standing by a death-bed his sole comfort is:

"And yet we feel that something savours well;
We note a dumb relief withheld before;
Our well-beloved is prisoner in the cell
Of Time no more."

* "Time's Laughingstocks." By Thomas Hardy. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Withal, we have no other poet who can write such poetry as is in "Time's Laughingstocks"; it is darkly imaginative, full of thought, observation, and feeling, and sternly true, so far as it goes; the poetry of disenchantment, if you will, of disillusion, of unhappiness, of the negation of things, but within its limits it touches greatness and is no perishable stuff. Mr. Hardy is resolute to present the plain facts of existence, but they are always the unlovely and the unpleasant facts, and there are as many others that he entirely overlooks. He insists that you shall see the truth, yet he shows you only half of it, or less; there is surely good as well as evil, fidelity as well as faithlessness, laughter as well as weeping, but he cannot see the stars because he shuts himself up with his own candlelight. The finest of his ballads have an amazing strength, they have pathos, or saturnine humour, and a live, dramatic intensity, but they have no sweetness, no spiritual beauty; their passions are of the earth earthy, their feet are in the mire; there is no flash of light divine, no hint of wings in them.

An eternal monotone of sadness sounds all through the book, but if there is no note of hope, there is everywhere a high, indomitable courage, a stubborn, stoical endurance, and here and there the sadness is lightened with something of grace and wistful fancy, as in such poems as "On the Departure Platform," "Her Definition," "The Sigh," or, especially, "In a Cathedral City." Still, when all's said, Mr. Hardy's real power lies unquestionably in his sombre realism, his mordant irony, his acute sensitiveness to the vanity, the misery, the littlenesses, the mortality of human life, and in his great gift of tragic narrative, and it were absurd to demand of him more than he has to give. He is the poet of the world's woe; where others have found hope and the promise of better things, he finds but shame and suffering and despair; he has turned his back on the sunrise and his songs are all of the night, and the darkness and horror and mystery of it are in them, and a forceful, changing music, gusty, mournful, brooding, thunderous, by turns, as of night-winds searching through waste places of the world or losing their way in the blind void beyond it.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

LONDON SHADOWS.*

There are two sorts of ghost: the sensational sort that startle some of us with visible appearances and attend upon spiritualistic séances to play tambourines and rap on tables; and the quiet sort that are no more than memories or dreams of people and places we have read of or have known. Of the former many of us are sceptical; none of us have any doubts about the latter; they were, but are not; they are authentic ghosts, and the world would be an empty and uninteresting place without them. No man need think he knows the London that is unless he knows also the London that has been, unless as he walks through the modern streets the old streets and the men and women that peopled them are still to him

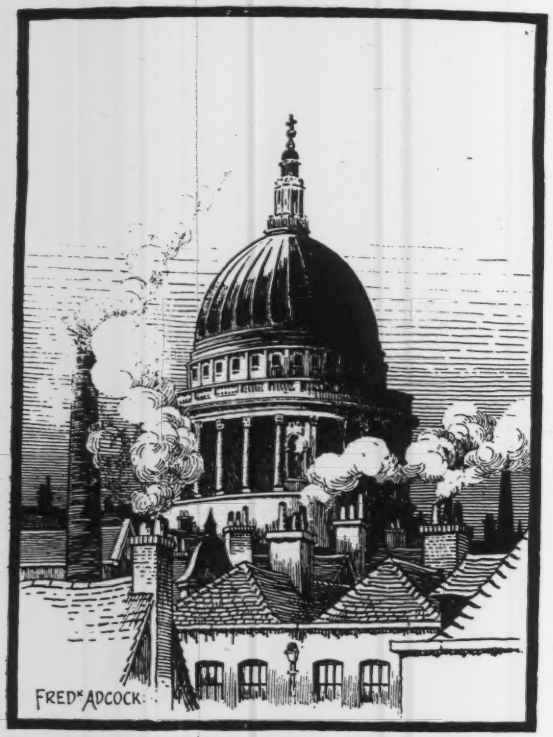
> "Impalpable impressions on the air,
> A sense of something moving to and fro."

If you want London ghosts of the sensational order, Mr. O'Donnell's "Haunted Houses of London" will furnish you with enough and to spare. His spectres are rather of the raw head and bloody bones type, and though he tells you the name of the street that is haunted by each of them, he refrains from giving the number of the house, and suppresses the real names of the persons to whom his supernatural horrors made themselves manifest. Some of his tales are simply incredible—notably the one of the false teeth that came out of the glass and fastened on a man's throat; but they are well told, full of shocks and thrills, and Mr. O'Donnell assures us in the preface that they were "selected expressly on account of their authenticity."

Turning from this book to "Knightsbridge and Belgravia," you pass from a spirit-world that is somewhat too materialistic and bad for the nerves into a world that is more of the spirit though it is not at all supernatural. Mr. Chancellor unfolds the histories of those two London districts and has brought together some delightful anecdotes of their famous inhabitants, and many about other of their inhabitants who were not famous but none the less uncommonly interesting. Gore House was in Knightsbridge, with all its literary and artistic associations; and Kent House, that was rented by Queen Victoria's father: Charles Reade, too, lived all his later years in Knightsbridge, and the pages devoted to him are among the most attractive in the book. But a list of the authors, artists, actors, and celebrated public men who figure in Mr. Chancellor's records would occupy more space than we can spare. He has done his work skilfully and thoroughly, consulting rate-books, old directories, and all available registers and

The Knightsbridge Turnpike.
After a drawing by Shepherd.
From "Knightsbridge and Belgravia," by E. Beresford Chancellor. (Pitman.)

* "Haunted Houses of London." By Elliott O'Donnell. 2s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"Knightsbridge and Belgravia." By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrated. 20s. net. (Pitman.)—"London: The Story of the City." By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. 6d. net. (Priory Press.)—"The London Life of Yesterday." By Arthur Compton-Rickett. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



From cover-design of "London: The Story of the City," by Ernest Rhys. (The Priory Press, Hampstead.)

writings, and has produced a record of Knightsbridge and Belgravia that is topographically and historically as full as it is reliable. It is one of the most fascinating of books about vanished London, and the twenty full-page illustrations from drawings, old prints and photographs add much to its attractiveness and value.

Both "The London Life of Yesterday" and "London: The Story of the City" are wider in scope, each taking the whole of London as its province, Mr. Ernest Rhys chronicling the growth and history of the city from its earliest times down to these days of the County Council, and Mr. Compton-Rickett covering the same ground at greater length, and with a wealth of incident and anecdote that are outside the aim of Mr. Rhys's interesting and charmingly written booklet, with its dozen illustrations from new photographs and old engravings.

Mr. Rhys gives a brief general history that is as adequate as it is concise; Mr. Compton-Rickett sets himself to produce "a series of clearly defined pictures of certain notable epochs into which London History may be divided"; the political, social, and religious life of the various periods is not traced consecutively or at all elaborately dealt with, but he shows you with sufficient fulness and vividness how the centre of interest has changed in different periods, has passed from the sheer struggle for existence to the striving after social betterment, after political freedom, after religious liberty:

> "Forces—political, economic, religious, scientific, literary, social—which are always present in the complex life of a great city, vary in importance from age to age. We shake the kaleidoscope and the bits of coloured glass assume fresh shapes, new patterns."

So Mr. Compton-Rickett, having pictured London in the making, shakes the kaleidoscope and exhibits in turn the London of Alfred and Canute, of Langland and Chaucer, of Whittington and Crosby, of the Reformation, of Shakespeare, of Milton and Cromwell, of Pepys and Wren, of Addison and Pope, of Johnson and Hogarth, and of Francis Place and Dickens, and reveals to you how the city retains through all a certain individuality, a "persistent, fundamental unchangeableness," so that there is still an unbroken and "deep relationship between Chaucer's London and the London of to-day." The essence of many books is gathered into these pages; Mr. Compton-Rickett has read widely and has not merely poured his old wine into a new bottle—he has added a flavour to it, a tang of personality, and there is a thoughtful illuminative suggestiveness in his reflections and comments, a realisation of the inner significance of events, and a shrewd insight into the characters he describes, that make this a welcome and valuable acquisition to our enormous and ever-growing library of books about London.

IRISH HUMOUR.*

It has been suggested that the springs of laughter and the source of tears lie close together in human character, and the saying is one almost inevitably brought to mind by any really good manifestation of humour. Such manifestation we surely have in Mr. Shan Bullock's latest story, in which he returns once more to the Ireland that he knows so well and loves so tenderly. In "Robert Thorne" Mr. Bullock presented with amazing fidelity the drab life of a London clerk living in one of the densely populated nearer suburbs; in "Master John" he takes us from the dull surroundings of one who represents the black-coated thousands who daily journey to and from London offices, to the open air of an Irish village and its surroundings. The story of Master John is told as by one who had admired him as a boy and had later become his car-driver. The author has, so to speak, put himself in the place of Dan, and so gives us the story of the Irish countryside and of the big house and its occupants from the inside. Though the narrative is irradiated with good humour, it is humour suggestive of that bright sunshine which follows showers and will be followed by them. We see something of the Irish character and temperament, and we see something too of Irish tragedy—the tragedy of success as well as that of failure.

Master John is the son of an Irish doctor who after letting the boy run wild in more or less irresponsible fashion, storms at him for doing nothing and uses such words as make the spirited lad in similar temper declare that if he leaves the house he will never see his father again. It is the tragi-comedy of quick temper. John goes forth and never even looks back. Years pass and the doctor has been dead some years when his son returns as a rich man to buy a neighbouring estate. The whirligig of time brings its revenge, and Master John's only daughter shows something of the family temper when she falls in love with the schoolmaster's son and is forbidden to have anything to do with him.

The story itself is full of interest, but it is in the direct presentation of character, in the by-products as it were of the main romance, and in the sweetness of the whole that much of the charm of Mr. Bullock's story lies. Those "by-products," whether in the wonderful account of Long William and Sarah, or in the grim tragedy of the old schoolmaster's death, show the author's great ability in what may—borrowing an etcher's term—be described as "remarques." It is impossible to read of Long William's "silent treatment" of his wife, and her happy mode of breaking that silence, without laughter; it is impossible to read of the way in which Robert Harvey's daughters ensured the continuance of his pension without being deeply moved. Mr. Bullock's Dan has all the best Irish traits as a story-teller, and whether he is telling the romance of Master John or giving shrewd asides about the ways of English tourists in his country he is always engagingly attractive. Something of Ireland's smiles and tears are in the pages of this book, and it should be read by all who care for that which is best in contemporary Irish fiction.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Master John." By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Novel Notes.

CALVARY. By "Rita." 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Rita" has written many novels which have been amusing, witty, and interesting in the ordinary sense of these words; but we have not for a long time past read a novel with a purpose, such as "Calvary" undoubtedly is, which at the same time has been so little spoiled by that "purpose." Most novels of the kind are usually vehicles not so much for the enunciation of great truths as for the airing of personal prejudices. In "Calvary" we have something better, although here and there the author's personal bias crops out, in a measure marring her critical judgment. In David, the chief character of the story, we have a very fine conception—a "dream child," and afterwards a visionary man endowed with the gift of a great spiritual knowledge, an affinity for mysticism and for the things which for most mortals lie impenetrably beyond the veil. In his life story one reads how through the whole gamut of the ills of life he wins his way by great and absorbing experiences to the foot of Calvary. Needless to say that "Rita" makes her story the vehicle for some very true thumbnail sketches of Dissent, the Church of England, Buddhism, and many other sects, "Society," and common folk. Her view is that in the warring of these sects one has the secret of much of the world's tragedy; of its misery, want of charity, and irreligion. There is a good deal of the vigorous type of writing with which "Rita" always attacks any sham or pharisaism upon which she has fastened. "The great trumpetings of sensational missionaries sweeping weak-minded sinners off their feet to some promised Glory Land of Safety" is a good example of "Rita's" style and method in dealing with the "sects." If the novel lacks the restraint which almost always accompanies a great book dealing with a great theme, it lacks neither ability, picturesque presentation of the various characters, nor interest.

THE ROSARY. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Rosary" is, of course, the title of a well-known drawing-room ballad, and that ballad, in one way at all events, forms the motive of this book. Had not Jane Champion, for instance, given this song in the Overdene drawing-room when the famous Madame Velma was stricken with appendicitis, Garth Dalmain, the artist, would never have realised that she was the one woman in the wide world for him, but would possibly have thought the few years that divided them, or the girl's plain looks, were an absolute barrier to any ordinary sentimentalist. But "only those who have heard Jane sing 'The Rosary' can possibly realise how she sang 'I kiss each bead.' The lingering retrospection in each word breathed out a love so womanly, so beautiful, so tender, that her identity was forgotten—even by those in the audience who knew her best — in the magic of her rendering of the song." And when it was over "a fresh surprise awaited Jane more startling than the enthusiastic tumult of her audience. At the foot of the staircase stood Garth. His face was absolutely colourless and his eyes shone out from it like burning stars." The deadly poison of these words,

> "O memories that bless and burn!
> O barren gain and bitter loss!
> I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
> To kiss the cross . . . to kiss the cross,"

had done their worst. The poor young man was infatuated to the point of distraction, and had he not said some days before that he could never bear to live with any wife who was not wondrously beautiful, all would have gone well with him—Jane would have been his. But alas! a woman's memory is sometimes a very long, long thing, and a heroine's ways are not to be set down and easily justified in cold print by a reviewer. So "The Rosary" inevitably becomes a novel of staccato emotion, and only when blindness has overtaken Garth can Mrs. Barclay bring herself to permit Jane to swallow the recollections of those cruel, cruel words and to take the cold plunge into the unplumbed depths of matrimony between the "woman" of thirty and the "boy" of twenty-seven.

Mrs. Barclay.
Author of "The Rosary."

THE GREAT GAY ROAD. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (John Long.)

Mr. Tom Gallon has found himself with remarkable effect in "The Great Gay Road." In Hilary Tolfrey Kite he has created a character that should put the coping-stone on his literary fortunes, and should leave him not only in a firm position in the affections of all thoughtful novel-readers, but possessed of a literary vein that will repay careful work. There are, we note, no fewer than twenty-seven books placed to the credit of Mr. Gallon opposite to the title-page of this novel, but with the exception, perhaps, of "Tatterley," with which he first sprang into prominence, we doubt whether this author has ever done a story half so buoyant, so refreshing, so good-humoured as "The Great Gay Road." Mr. W. J. Locke, of course, did excellent service to novel readers by the production of his "Beloved Vagabond," but this last creation of Mr. Gallon's also possesses distinct qualities and merits of its own. Thus Mr. Kite is not only a victim of the "wander fever," but he loves the game of bluff for the sake of the game, and he cannot sit for many days with folded hands. Once he was—he tells us so himself with refreshing frequency—"a gentleman," but when he stalks into Mr. Gallon's book he is apparently a commonplace tramp, and in a house known to many (including the police) as "Mother Grogan's"—a common lodging-house in Notting Dale—a bully attacks an old man and Kite bounds forward and rescues age in distress. From that moment he and old Crook Perkins are inseparable companions, and no Don Quixote of to-day ever had a more suitable Sancho Panza. They take to the "Great Gay Road" together, and when, worn out with misfortune, they reach Hampstead Heath, Fate slips out and befriends them. Quite by accident Kite overhears the sad story of Sir Crispin and his erring son, Hilderbrand, and stung by privation he personates the lost prodigal, and for a brief period plays pranks in the Crispin mansion that have few equals outside the pages of Cervantes. For Kite is not, be it known, a sickly sentimentalist. He would rather use his fists any day than tell a weak or flabby falsehood, and buried deep somewhere in his nature

is an instinct for good form and for better things. Had not Sir Crispin had a sweet and attractive niece, the end of "The Great Gay Road" would have been very different from what it is—with Kite standing on the crest of a hill "where below him the road stretched like a lessening grey thread in the distance." But wistful as on occasion such figures inevitably seem, men of the stamp of Kite do not die easily out of fiction. We are convinced we shall see him again and in happier circumstances.

US FOUR. By S. Macnaughtan. 6s. (John Murray.)

One reviewer at least felt that Miss Macnaughtan had "been there," when she wrote about the Pear-Tree Well and the Montgomerie Woods. He remembers both, and it is a long memory! The Glasgow of that day is an old story, but the Western Highlands are pretty much the same, and the fine description of a calm summer morning on one of the Clyde lochs (on pages 254 and 255) is both true and artistic. Miss Macnaughtan, however, is mainly occupied with the many exploits and experiences of an amusing family, especially with the four younger girls, Tabby, Jumpy, Jock, and Poppy. Their nurse, their parents, their brothers, their governess, and the visitors to the house make up the *dramatis personæ*. There is no plot. The book is a vivacious, entertaining record of their life. Thus, "we were invited down to the drawing-room once to hear a lady sing 'The Lost Chord,' and having listened attentively to the words and the music, we confided to each other that we had never heard such conceit! Never! To praise up your own composition like that, and to say you would only hear half as good when you get to heaven! We put 'The Lost Chord' on a black list, and decided that whoever wrote those words thought too much of her own playing." Miss Macnaughtan has written a delightful book of reminiscences, and it is none the less delightful that she has taken sometimes unconventional views of what children are supposed to fear and feel.

GREAT-HEART GILLIAN. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a very real and penetrating charm about this new story by Mr. John Oxenham. It enters into your mind and takes possession of your heart in the first chapter when on that "black night of the black month the people of Guelgoat crouched among the Ghost-Stones of Pen Dhu, with faces chiselled by the storm to the semblance of gargoyles, and peered eagerly through narrowed eyelids and sheltering hands to see if the good God sent anything their way that night" while M. le Curé was "kneeling under the swinging lamp before the altar in his little rough stone church, praying hard for those in peril on the sea and harder still for those he knew in greater peril on the land." And then Gillian is brought from a wreck, a tiny baby, and given into the care of kind motherly Jeanie Daoulas, who has but recently lost her own little Jeanie; and we are permitted to watch Gilian and her playmate Derek Kerval grow through childhood into bright realms of romance of their own creation. The pity is that, although Derek finds his heart twist with the very agony of his longing for her, Gillian falls a victim to a light-hearted artist from Paris, a Victor Lenoir, "the first man from beyond whom she had ever met." Victor paints a great picture in which she figures, and then he marries her, and the pair go off to Paris—where tragedy and disillusion and heart-bitterness await Gillian. It is in the dark chapters that follow this wedding that the reader realises the true significance of the title. In the first portion of the book the author has taken pains to insist upon the uncommon qualities of the girl's mind and outlook, but in the second part he is content to exhibit these qualities in action—until finally the characters find themselves caught up in the tragic meshes of the Franco-Prussian War and playing out their own poignant drama of love and hate on the background of those great and awe-inspiring issues. Mr. Oxenham has never created a more fascinating heroine.

WHITE WALLS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Pemberton can be relied upon for a good story, and his latest book is no exception to the rule. The author has chosen a locality unfamiliar to the fiction-reader for the development of his plot. Few writers ever touch upon Hungary, and, though we do not agree with the hint in the publishers' advertisement that the "phase of life in that modern Hungary of which Mr. Pemberton and the Baroness Orczy are the only chroniclers" is treated in a truthful or exhaustive manner, a sensational author demands, and very rightly is allowed, a certain licence. What is required, as Mr. Pemberton knows very well, is plot and incident. Here in "White Walls" the reader will find both, and he will also discover that the book is far above the average of its kind both in its characterisation and the manner in which the story is told. The title refers to the enormous salt-mine in which much of the action takes place, peopled by beings who seldom or never see the light of day. We strongly recommend "White Walls" to those in search of exciting fiction. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's sixteen illustrations are all very good indeed.

THE DISC. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Greening.)

"Tremendous" is the best adjective to apply to Mr. Harris-Burland's latest book. Everything about it—including the improbability of its subject and excluding its length, which is ordinary—is of colossal size. But the hero "beats the lot." He is six feet four inches in height and "so powerfully built that he seemed merely a stalwart fellow of no extraordinary stature." His brain, unfortunately, is not exactly in proportion, but it may safely be said that he is of more than average intelligence except for occasional lapses. But he is a pleasant fellow enough, and makes a very good hero to a truly astonishing story. It is utterly impossible to give any idea of what the plot is about—we simply cannot do it—but we may mention that here there is pretty well everything that the reader of sensational fiction asks for—a mystery, murders by the bushel, love affairs both happy and unhappy, horrors and terrors, and a happy ending. Perhaps it was a pity that, in his dashing way, the author overlooked one or two minor points. The worst one is when the hero, having just defeated the second strongest man in the world (or thereabouts) in a hand-to-hand fight lasting over half an hour, pulls a clay pipe out of his pocket and smokes it. Why was not that pipe broken? But this is an idle question. The point is that Mr. Harris-Burland writes this sort of thing with a go and a gusto which are remarkable. We recommend our readers to get the book and try to finish it in a sitting. They will find it simply pulverising.

LOVE BESIEGED. By Charles E. Pearce. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"'Unrest in India'—the words might almost be stereotyped. From time to time a mist of doubt has arisen, has floated across the horizon, has melted away," writes Mr. Pearce in his preface to "Love Besieged." "Until two years ago no serious importance was attached to simmerings of discontent. The events of the past two years, however, show that this 'unrest' has entered upon a new phase. Western education and training, grafted upon Eastern traditions, custom, character, religion, have introduced fresh dangers, the result of which no man can foresee. We in England must never forget the fixed, immutable characteristics of the Indian race. It is well, therefore, that the memory of the past should

not be allowed to die out. This end I have had in view in selecting the siege of Lucknow as the background of a story in which an attempt has been made to picture the circumstances and conditions of the time, the character and methods of the mutineers, the influence of caste, the treachery of which the native is capable and the loyalty which upon occasion he can show, and the heroism, the fortitude, the unflinching devotion of the defenders." One can gather from this what immensely interesting matter the book contains. Fact and fiction are woven together so cleverly that the story easily serves its double purpose, and not only provides us with a history of the famous siege of Lucknow, but a capital romance into the bargain. The heroine, Jean Atherton, is a beautiful young English girl of nineteen, who goes out to India to join her father; arriving just before the Mutiny begins, she lives through it, playing her part amidst its horrors with splendid courage. The story is written strongly, vividly, and teems with exciting incidents from beginning to end.

ORDINARY PEOPLE. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

When a middle-aged, sedate business man marries a handsome young girl, of whom he knows practically nothing, and when the girl is afraid to tell him about an awkward episode in her past, it is inevitable that trouble should ensue. The ordinary reader of fiction anticipates without any difficulty that John Cobham's marriage will turn out a failure, especially as his spinster cousin, Ada Hacket, manages to rake up his wife's past. But Miss Silberrad rounds off her plot in an unexpected and delightful fashion, and she relieves the tension by a charming love-story. Gerald Mendham and Kittie Toller are a delightful young couple. Their romance is skilfully woven into the more sombre relations between John Cobham and Catherine, while Miss Silberrad scores easily in her description of one or two old ladies. There is a genuine charm about this novel which is not broken by the rather improbable episode of Catherine disguising herself as a typist and working in her husband's office. The book is written with ease and a sincerity which render it highly attractive. The characters can hardly be described as ordinary people, unless "ordinary" is stretched beyond its conventional limits. But then the novel is not "ordinary."

THE AGONY COLUMN. By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Brilliant characterisation distinguishes Mrs. Dawson Scott's latest novel, and the medium is a plot skilfully contrived and delicately handled. Colonel Morgan and his beautiful wife Frances have been married ten years—a period amply sufficient to demonstrate the complete divergence between the thoughts and ideals of the prosaic Colonel and those of his æsthetic partner. Selfish, helpless, devoid of all natural interest in her little daughter, it is not easy to regard this indolent woman with sympathy, despite the tragedy of her life. Her revolt against the trammels of a loveless home is accelerated by the ready sympathy of a young Jew, Higham. "Here I am not a living being," she complains to him, "but a domestic machine, a wife, a mother, a housekeeper. I hate those labels. I want to free myself from them. I want to be just—alive, and—myself." The Colonel overhears Higham protesting his love, and urging Frances to go away with him; and when, that same day, the two disappear together with the five-year-old daughter Madge, he is convinced that the worst has happened. Actually, however, Frances has withstood Higham's solicitations; but, resolving to stay no longer under her husband's roof, has journeyed with Madge to her father's Cornish home, while Higham has pledged himself not to marry so long as Frances lives apart from her husband. For the sake of her lover, whose family wish him to marry a rich Jewess, Frances agrees to come to terms with the Colonel, but the latter's doubts and insinuations horrify his wife, and she refuses to return. Soon, however, the claims of an unborn child assert themselves, and she realises that circumstances are stronger than herself. The outward and artificial reunion that follows is fraught with the greatest misery for the hyper-sensitive Frances, in whose innocence her stubborn husband, himself no model of virtue, cannot and will not believe. Smitten with blindness, the lonely woman relies for comfort on a yearly message in the Agony Column telling news of Higham, who, though married, maintains his early devotion. The gloom which envelops the central figures of the story is lightened from time to time by the entertaining freshness with which the minor characters are sketched—characters of a more normal and healthy fibre.

QUIXOTE OF MAGDALEN. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Everett & Co.)

There are many who would do well to take to heart the sound advice given by Amelie Thoms to her cousin John, the hero of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's latest novel. "Work is what you want!" she asserts, "real hard work. That is what you have always wanted. If you had had to work, there would have been no trouble. . . . Come! get a *move* on and make something of your life!" John Davenant's character is well drawn, and he makes a likeable hero, though he says, rather regretfully, after acting upon Amelie's advice: "Amelie set me to work, and I like it. She wants me to work always. Imagine it! I, a rich man!" Ultimately, however, work is his salvation Though John is filled with the best of intentions he seems unfortunate in making those around him unhappy, yet he is ever eager and willing to make amends for his mistakes when he discovers them. Amelie is a strong character, sympathetic, full of common sense: she possesses a delightfully blunt manner of speech that does much good, and makes her distinctly refreshing. We should like to meet her again. The story is an exciting mixture of romance, comedy, tragedy, and the supernatural; written in Mrs. Kernahan's forceful, dramatic style it holds the reader thoroughly absorbed from beginning to end. It is rather a pity that the talented author allows small improbabilities and coincidences to creep in now and again—they tend to weaken the plot and mar an otherwise extremely natural story.

THE PRICE OF LIS DORIS. By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Maartens is always at his best when he is writing about his own country. He is hardly kind to his countrymen and he describes Dutch village life with a most unflattering candour. Like the Dutch painters he has a rare gift for *genre* work, but he resembles the earlier school rather than the modern Dutchmen in preferring interiors to landscapes. Indeed, to pursue the metaphor he may be said to recall Jan Vermeer in the delicate finish and exquisite light effects of his interiors. The story of "Lis Doris" is melodramatic and the central incident is strained and improbable. A young artist of genius who has just begun to find himself is not likely to allow another man to appropriate his work. A man may make great sacrifices for the woman he loves, but if he has the artistic temperament, as Lis Doris had, he would hardly surrender when success is within his grasp. Lis Doris painted not because he wanted fame or money, but because he was born to paint. Such a man would be the last to allow another, whom he knew to be an incompetent amateur, to claim the credit of his finest work. The boyhood of Lis Doris and his apprenticeship to art is described with extraordinary fidelity and vividness. His

later career as a successful portrait-painter is less convincing: the sacrifice which he makes to the stagey and unreal villain is too extravagant a demand on our credulity. But the idyll of Lis and Netta in the days when they were children together at Boldam is perfect. Nothing could be better than Mr. Maartens's handling of the minor characters, the delightful old Dominè, too fine a scholar to be a successful parson, his formidably conscientious and uncompromising wife, their servant Clasine and the Lokster family—all these are real living people racy of the soil, at once typically Dutch and typically human. The minor personages in the drama are a triumph of vivid characterisation. Mr. Maartens has done nothing truer or more delicately finished.

THE UNCOUNTED COST. By Mary Gaunt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is, in many respects, a clever, original, and powerful novel. It possesses all the qualities that Miss Gaunt has taught us to note with approval in her work. It gives us scenes of pioneer work on the West Coast of Africa profoundly interesting and impressive. It makes the native figures intensely vital and alive, and when fighting or torture occurs, there are no half measures adopted. You can hear the crack of the rifle; real terror walks through the pages; you get the genuine atmosphere of the tropics. The odd part of it all is this. "The Uncounted Cost" is, in reality, what we were once apt to describe when we were in a hurry as a "problem novel." Anne Lovat, the heroine, is a new type of "woman who did." When her pre-matrimonial experiment with Dicky Bullen, "cheery sailor, brave Englishman, false lover, staunch friend," failed—as, of course, all those experiments fail—she decided that her career in any phase of emotion was dead: she faced the "Uncounted Cost." But she had a friend, a married woman named Kitty Pearce, who had adopted nearly every "new woman" idea that we have ever heard ventilated; and this friend dallied so successfully with one Joseph Cunningham, naval commander, that he was absent one night without leave, lost his temper, and was dismissed the service. He goes off as commissioner to an obscure post on "the Mahogany Coast in Africa," and, of course, the only white man he meets there is Kitty Pearce's husband, and later Kitty and the heroine. How poetic justice is done in the end with the aid of torture, bloodshed, and the display of much fine British pluck is Miss Gaunt's business. We only pause to congratulate her heartily on her full-length portrait of Kudjo Mensa, otherwise the Rev. John Trotter, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, a type of Ashanti who, after taking Orders in the Church of England, returned to his native haunts, went savage, and practised fetish. He is great.

MAJOR OWEN, and Other Tales. By Christopher N. Johnston, K.C., LL.D. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

This is a volume of short stories of uncommon attractiveness and merit, and it deserves to make heaps of friends. On the cover the author's name is surmounted by a kind of totem in the shape of a lawyer's wig; and we fancy that this quaint design will tempt many strange hands to turn over Mr. Christopher N. Johnston's pages, for the impression is general that if we only heard one tithe of the stories hidden beneath the successful advocate's wig we should be privileged to listen to some of the most stirring and fascinating real life romances ever put together. But think when the narrator is, in addition, a Scottish lawyer—what ingenuity, what humour, what pawkiness, what rich harvests of time and experience may be expected! In truth "Major Owen" impressed us as something quite new in the short story art—new atmosphere, new way of looking at things, new characters—full of the kind of short stories that you would remember with ease, calmly appropriate, and, when the humour seized you, would hand across the dinner-table as your own. The Major Owen of the title is, we regret to observe, a villain, but a very plausible and fascinating type of villain, and he makes his appearance in a country house in Hampshire in the dead of night in the most romantic circumstances. "Torrance *v.* Teacher" has a touch of the weird in its composition and an extraordinary climax. It will delight the legal mind everywhere, and is based on an old Scottish law suit decided sixty years ago. "A Strange Rencontre" will attract those people who wonder mildly how it is wraiths do not only appear at the hour of death, but "sometimes they come days before; and it is hard to explain upon any theory at once hyperphysical and rational how and why the wraith of somebody who is still alive, and perhaps well, but is to die to-morrow or next day—it may be by pure accident—should manifest itself to an absent friend." "The Writing on the Wall" is a study in a mild case of insanity and hypnotism in which the adventurous frankly predominates, while one of the best stories in the whole collection is that entitled "An Irregular Marriage," with its strange introduction to its advocate-hero and the ruses he practised to arrive at the truth—and a bride.

The Bookman's Table.

BROKEN EARTHWARE. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The dedication of these extraordinarily graphic studies and sketches to Professor William James of Harvard would suffice, even apart from the long preface, to show that Mr. Begbie has had more than amusement or entertainment in view when he wrote his pages. There are nine vignettes in the book, etched sharply and cleverly from the social wreckage of modern London. But the reviving and saving power of conversion gleams through all of them, and Mr. Begbie attributes this to the magnificent re-fitting work of the Salvation Army. A book of this kind is apt to suffer from its very strength of purpose. It is a record or a series of human documents, if we choose to put it so, which is of more value than sketches which see nothing but squalor and vice in mean streets. Yet even so, the tendency is to undervalue the narrative-element, and this would not be fair to Mr. Begbie, who has succeeded in preserving the dual rôle of a literary artist and a social reformer. Few books of more arresting realism have appeared within recent years. These sketches are not the chromolithographs of a litterateur who is trying to make copy out of material which he only knows at second-hand; they are coloured, but it is the colour of life. Mr. Begbie sees that the true realism includes "such possibilities of purity and devotion as La Rochefoucauld would have us believe do not exist even in the hearts of the best." These possibilities are revealed and reached, Mr. Begbie found, by the Salvation Army. He has small opinion of prison chaplains. He also makes serious charges against certain policemen who privately kick and maltreat in the cells any prisoner who has incurred their displeasure. The counter-plea for a reform in our treatment of children and of criminals is not a new thing. What is new is the graphic intensity with which it is urged, and the wealth of admirably chosen details, pathetic and inspiring, upon which it is based. Mr. Begbie's fascinating volume will do more than silence what he calls the lounging critics of conversion; it will open the eyes of many whom reports and blue-books could not reach to the living power of Christianity in modern life, and especially to the indisputable evidence that sudden changes, permanent changes, can be effected in the most degraded nature. To read a

story like "The Plumber," or "O. B. D.," is not only to be saddened by the thought of city life in its lower phases, but to have one's faith in God and men reinforced. The shabby and sordid mass of human beings among whom Mr. Begbie has been living is lit up by flashes of genuine devotion which are as miraculous and thrilling as any mediæval legends. The modest sub-title of the book is "A Footnote in Narrative to Professor William James's Study in Human Nature, 'The Varieties of Religious Experience.'" It is a worthy footnote, for it has plenty of variety and plenty of narrative, and an inspiring belief in men and in God.

LOVE'S EMPIRE. By A. M. Champneys. 3s. 6d. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

One recognises, from a first glance into the leaves of "Love's Empire," that Miss Champneys is much above the level of the average versifier. She has considerable metrical skill, a real and charming lyrical gift, and the feeling, the tenderness, the dainty fancifulness that inevitably go along with it. Here is the keynote of her volume:

"You cannot flee from Love. I sought to hide me
Where sprays of eglantine weave arching bowers:
Tall meadow-grass and lilies waved beside me:
Lo! Love, the Dreamer, slept among the flowers.

"I looked for safety where the careless thrushes
Warbled their carols on the swaying briar,
While liquid answer flowed from laurel bushes:
'Twas Love, the Minstrel, led their pulsing choir.

"When, driven to my own heart's deep seclusion,
Where all was calm, and passion yet unknown,
I barr'd the door against his bold intrusion,
Love, the Besieger, broke my barrier down.

"Yearning for refuge in the spheres immortal,
Methought my soul to heavenly realms had flown:
Lo! just beyond the angel-guarded portal,
Love, a crown'd Monarch, sat upon his throne."

A strain of sadness runs through many of the poems, but almost as many of them are touched with a joyous lightness and something of ecstasy. Out of every twenty volumes of new poetry there is perhaps one that we make room for on our shelves, and this time "Love's Empire" is that twentieth.

A NEW HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. III. 20s. net. (Dent.)

With this third volume Messrs. Dent's fine edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle reaches completion. It is an admirable production. One may dream, of course, of an edition in which every illustration should be a perfect achievement of the latest developments of printing, a folio for the shelves of millionaires; but Messrs. Dent, producing their volumes at the comparatively moderate price of a pound apiece, have done wisely in sacrificing quality to quantity. They might, had they given us fewer, have given us better plates. But those they have supplied, though not specially attractive to the æsthetic laity, are well enough as references or reminders for students And as such, the more the merrier. For it is mainly to students, historians, and critics that the "New History" appeals. During the last few years there have been floods of books that tell the stories of great artists and their work in more attractive form. But for their exhaustive treatment of smaller men who will always be less than names to all but the specialists, Crowe and Cavalcaselle still hold the field. In noticing previous volumes, we have already commented on the excellence of Mr. Hutton's editing. Its standard is maintained in this volume, which treats of the Florentine, Umbrian, and Sienese schools of the fifteenth century, commencing with Piero della Francesca and

The Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth.

ending with Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter"; between which extremities lie the names of Signorelli, Perugino, Pinturicchio, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolommeo, and others only less famous. The footnotes which testify to Mr. Hutton's industry and which, to the specialist, are almost the most important part of the book, are as abundant as ever. There is also an admirable general index to the whole work, besides an index of places, as in the other volumes.

THE PILGRIM CHURCH, and Other Sermons. By Percy C. Ainsworth. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Culley.)

This is a volume of exceedingly uncommon sermons by a young Wesleyan minister whose early decease at the age of thirty-five is a loss to the whole Church. Freshness and charm are on every page of the book. There is not a weak sermon in the twenty-four given to us, and some, especially those on "The Large Room," "Hearing for Others," "Faith and Haste," "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "Star Counting and Heart Healing," "The Wilderness and the Sunrise," are gems of a high order. It is not difficult to account for their charm. Here are fresh thoughts expressed in chaste and beautiful English, a keen love of nature, poetry, and art, flashes of subtle humour, intense sympathy with human toil and suffering, and a strong quiet confidence that the Gospel of Christ is large enough to meet and satisfy all man's myriad needs. The sermons are not "doctrinal" in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet the old doctrines are all here. Mr. Ainsworth had an essentially modern mind, at home in all the intricacies of modern problems, but he had found rest in the eternal truths which know no change. The volume contains a brief appreciative memoir by an old fellow-student and a photograph of the preacher. He must have been a rare man to know and possess as a friend.

HOW TO STUDY THE STARS. By L. Rudaux. Translated by A. H. Keane, LL.D., F.R.G.S. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

This is a capital book of its kind, and though now and again the queer halt of the English, which somehow one has so often to associate with translated works, makes

itself apparent, it is eminently readable, and sets out with minute particulars such details as shall help the would-be "star-gazer" to go cannily to work. The introductory chapter is exceedingly comprehensive, and should enable the mind even of the entirely ignorant to "see round" the subject with which the book deals—the lamps and wonders of the sky. The amateur will find the chapter on telescopes both sane and helpful, and if he read it before spending his, presumably, modest spare cash on an instrument, will probably have later cause to be thankful, in that he will be likely to have bought the "very thing" he will need. The book is, of course, as it professes to be, rudimentary; but even to those of us who have pursued this study beyond the solid nucleus of known "facts," it is still stimulating to be reminded, for instance, that the diameter of the sun is so great that were it superimposed (may we say "around"?) the earth the moon's orbit would lie incredible thousands of miles down beneath the sun's outer envelope. Then, too, in view of the present interest in the return of Halley's Comet, which visited us last some seventy-five years ago, we cannot but feel how popular should prove the chapter on comets, given near the end of the book. Though this is necessarily brief, and deals chiefly with the methods of observing and recording comets, there is yet a final note on Mr. Morehouse's which provokes speculation, and is associated with the name of M. Flammarion. We are reminded that this comet, discovered in 1908, gave a spectrum analysis which revealed in its constitution a large quantity of the deadly gas cyanogen. "A few whiffs of this gas," M. Flammarion has said, "and all our discussions on tariffs and the income tax would have ceased." This is stimulating, if not cheerful, the more so when we remember that the earth is supposed to have passed through the tail of the great comet of 1861. The book contains seventy-nine illustrations, many of which are of considerable interest.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GEORGES. By W. B. Boulton. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Except by painful specialists, divers in the deep seas of private muniment rooms, there is little new to be said about the eighteenth century. But though Mr. Boulton can lay no claim to great originality he knows his period well, and this is not the first book he has written about it. If you are in quest of serious history you must go elsewhere, but if (as is more probable) you want entertainment, "In the Days of the Georges" will provide it. For Mr. Boulton deals exclusively with the lighter side of his theme. One of his chapters he devotes to Charles James Fox, but it is with the reckless gambler, not with the politician, that he is concerned. The notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh occupies another chapter; others treat of the one morally blameless George's reputed dealings with a certain mysterious Quakeress, and his actual dealings with Lady Sarah Lennox. Mr. Boulton starts with the misfortunes of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and ends with Beau Brummell, thus covering the whole of the Georgian era. "In the Days of the Georges" is an excellent book of its kind. And perhaps, after all, it *is* serious history; for the side of life with which it deals was extremely prominent in the eighteenth century.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd. 5s. net. (Collingridge.)

Mr. Pemberton Lloyd wrote this book largely in the hope that it might encourage the right people to do what they can towards making our English villages the "models of beauty and centres of joy" that they were in olden times. In twelve close-packed chapters he explains the meaning of the names of the months, and deals with the events that are or used to be celebrated in each of them. Any one who knows anything of modern village-life knows what a monotonous, colourless round it has, for the most part, become, and so far from wondering that many of the villagers nowadays flock to the towns, wonders that so many remain in their native homes. You cannot make a man happy by giving him nothing to do but work; our fathers knew that, and atoned for the lack of places of amusement that are perhaps too plentiful in the city by providing the rural population with a sufficiency of periodical festivals—dances, feasts, sports, fairs, all manner of monthly games and mummeries, so that they had always some recent pleasure to look back upon and some other not far ahead to look forward to. The Church took a full and keen interest in these healthful merrymakings, and why they should have been allowed to grow obsolete is not easy to explain: but obsolete nearly all of them are, and as a consequence England is Merrie England no longer. Whether Mr. Pemberton Lloyd's book achieves its happy purpose or not, it is a remarkably interesting and very valuable repository of folk and flower lore, a carefully compiled and fascinating history of our English country life in that past when country life here was at its richest and ripest. We know of no other volume that deals with this subject—a subject of much greater moment than appears on the surface—so exhaustively, with such scholarly and humanitarian enthusiasm, or so pleasantly. The numerous photographic illustrations are excellently reproduced.

By permission of Halftones Ltd., London.

A London Fog: Looking from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Taken at noonday.

From "The Months of the Year," by Rev. Pemberton Lloyd. (Collingridge.)

Notes on New Books.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The writers of **Eighteenth-Century Literature: An Oxford Miscellany,** present a very attractive bill of fare; the subjects dealt with are Steele (as a dramatist), Lady Winchelsea, Lady Mary Montagu's Letters, "Jonathan Wild," Young's "Night Thoughts," Walpole's criticism, W. L. Bowles, and "Enthusiasm." Perhaps the title of the volume is scarcely justified. The essays are, indeed, of quite unequal value, and some of them suggest their origin as "vacation exercises." In their appearance in book form it might have been better to suppress the use of the first personal pronoun, as this has the disconcerting effect of representing accepted opinions as discoveries, and it would have undoubtedly been better to indicate more clearly the academic status of the authors. As it is, reviewers of the volume must in some cases find themselves faced with the duties of a university examinership. They will agree, we think, in assigning "high marks" to many of these essays. As regards treatment and freshness of subject the essays on "Enthusiasm" and on Bowles are specially commendable. There is the gusto of youth in the repeated attacks on the methods of Macaulay, and there is also the mark of youth in the proneness shown to indulge in his own sweeping generalisations. In the office of "examiner" that the volume seems to thrust upon us, we regret that some of the essays show a striving after the so-called "personal touch" of present-day journalism. In an Oxford essay on Steele we are surprised to find reference to "the pathetic passages of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's books," and to find a synopsis of a play interrupted by the unadmirable irony of "Prolonged Applause." For that sally of wit we have no hesitation in deducting a mark.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

In the literature of the Tennyson Centenary a place of honour will be given to the brilliant and suggestive "Leslie Stephen" lecture on **Tennyson,** delivered at Cambridge by Professor W. P. Ker. "For many years past," says Professor Ker, "the Devil's Advocate has been busy, and it is impossible to ignore him. It is not on the grounds of the biography, but on the poems themselves, that he must be met." This is, virtually, the text of the lecture, and Professor Ker sets himself to refute the Devil's Advocate by pointing out some of the excellences of Tennyson's material achievement and of his subtlety as a descriptive poet. This portion of the lecture is full of acute and penetrating criticism, specially interesting being the remarks on the ancestry of some of Tennyson's metrical devices. In regard to the discussion of Tennyson's merits or demerits as a thinker, Professor Ker justly points out a confusion of thought in the use of the term. But beyond this dialectical point the writer makes little advance, and the Devil's Advocate may be pardoned if he continues unsilenced. Professor Ker is, however, a critic and not an idolator, and the only ground of dissatisfaction he gives his readers is the brevity of treatment, for which he is not responsible. The wonder is that one small essay can carry so much illuminative criticism.

MR. JOHN LONG.

A real mystery lurks in the pages of Mrs. L. T. Meade's new novel, **Belinda Treherne** (6s.), and this writer with her ever-facile pen lures her readers on to the very last chapter before she reveals her secret. When a pretty girl with a longing to see the world answers the following advertisement: "Wanted, immediately, a governess . . . must be young, cheerful, very strong, and with excellent nerves. Good salary given to a suitable person," etc.—we know that there are incidents ahead. The "excellent nerves" indeed made us quite sure that the poor girl would have a bad fright. We were not mistaken. We should have been frightened ourselves if—— But no, we will only assert that the book will keep readers pleasantly awake.

YEAR-BOOKS.

It is difficult now to imagine a time when there was no **Who's Who;** it is certainly one of the most frequently used and most helpful of the many reference books that are among the necessary furniture of the library and office table. The 1910 volume (A. & C. Black) is larger than ever; its numerous biographies have been brought up to date and a number of new ones added; and the overflow of tables, lists and addresses of magazines, newspapers, clubs, schools, societies, and miscellaneous information in the **Who's Who Year-Book** (1s. net) is ample and reliable and arranged with the usual skilful, business-like simplicity.

From Messrs. Routledge we have the 1910 **Literary Year-Book** (6s. net), also grown larger than ever and containing all its customary features, a directory of authors, agents, booksellers, publishers, periodicals, etc., and various additional sections, including a classified list of cheap reprints.

Hazell's Annual (Hazell, Watson & Viney) is packed with information about the men and movements of the day, from Imperial Defence to Sport and the Drama, from Aeronautics to French Gardening, and contains also a large number of important signed articles on special subjects by Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Arundel Arundel, Lady Frances Balfour, Sir Hiram Maxim, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other authors of eminence. It is an encyclopædia of general knowledge in the affairs of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

One of the cheapest and handiest of reference books is **The Daily Mail Year-Book** (6d. net). Its special articles on leading social and political questions are written by expert contributors—the cases for Free Trade and for Tariff Reform are respectively elaborated by a Liberal M.P. and a Conservative M.P.; and in the same way the case for Land Reform is put from the different standpoints of Mr. Ellis Barker and Mr. Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P.; the case for and against Socialism by Mr. E. R. Pearse and Captain Parsons; and the programme of the Labour Party by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. The book is carefully indexed and conveniently arranged. Mr. Percy L. Parker is to be congratulated on the tenth issue of what has developed into an ideal everyday handbook for everybody.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us that indispensable volume, **Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities for 1910,** edited by John Lane (1s. 6d.). This is its forty-sixth annual appearance, and all who are interested in or engaged in philanthropic work, if they do not know the Guide already, should certainly lose no time in procuring and studying it. In alphabetical order it gives name, address, object and other details of the London Charities—not merely hospitals, but charities which extend from that which provides help for all kinds of illness and distress to that which provides comfort and rest for the faithful horse who is past work.

New Books of the Month.

FROM DECEMBER 10 TO JANUARY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A. H. H. G.—"Mine Unbelief." 2s. net .....(Philip Green)
AINSWORTH, REV. PERCY C.—The Pilgrim Church, and Other Sermons. 3s. 6d. net .....(Culley)
BERRY, ALFRED W.—Freedom of Expression through Interior Understanding. 1s. net .....(Berry, Sudbury)
BURNS, C. DELISLE, M.A.—The Growth of Modern Philosophy. 3s. 6d. net .....(Sampson Low)
CAMPBELL, REV. R., D.D.—Farewell Sermon (Witness Press, Montreal)
DODS, MARCUS, D.D., JAMES DENNEY, D.D., and JAMES MOFFATT, D.D.—The Literal Interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. 1s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
DRUMMOND, R. B., B.A.—The Ideal Christ. Unitarian Penny Library.....(Brit. and For. Unitarian Assoc.)
FAIRBAIRN, A. M., M.A., D.D.—Studies in Religion and Theology. 12s. net .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
GORE, CHARLES, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—Orders and Unity. 3s. 6d. net .....(John Murray)
MATHESON, GEORGE, D.D.—St. John's Portrait of Christ. 1s. net.....(Hodder & Stoughton)
MOFFATT, JAMES, D.D.—The Second Things of Life. 1s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
STEVENSON, J. G.—The Children's Paul. A Life of St. Paul for the young. Illustrated. 2s. (James Clarke & Co.)
St. Matthew's Gospel. Introduction and Notes by Rev. Edward E. Anderson, M.A. 2s. 6d. .....(T. & T. Clark)
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